

The tragic events of 85 by Thecricketsarecalling

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Summary: Steve and Billy are in love and sneaking around the summer after they graduate. What tragic events await them?

1. Chapter 1

June 1985

"You okay?"

Billy asked, sitting up in the backseat of his Camaro. They had driven to the outskirts of town, found an old closed off dirt road, and pulled off killing the lights. Billy had taken plenty of girls here since he moved to town to screw around without the sheriff or anybody else disturbing them. It was dark, private, and somewhat peaceful. The forest loomed over the car as Billy backed into a clearing near some overgrown bushes and killed the engine and lights. He didn't want to admit it, but he had never honestly felt this nervous before in his entire life. He had smoked a cigarette right down to it's filter, before looking over trying to see if the eyes staring back were as scared as he was. Now less than an hour later, both had finished up, crammed in the backseat, fumbling, feeling, exploring, gasping, clutching, kissing, moaning, and stiffening back cries of both pain and pleasure.

Billy sat back, lighting another cigarette, breathing in deeply, before sitting back, shirtless, just in his white cotton boxers, looking at the fogged up windows, and how insanely sticky and hot it felt in here. Reaching over to the front seat, he turned the key, and pressed down in the switches to roll down the front windows. It was a hot June night, but he figured at this time of night they might get lucky and have a bit of a cross breeze to cool them down. Sitting back against the vinyl seats, he took a drag of his smoke, before running his hand through his tangled mess of dirty blond curls. This was the longest he had ever grown out his hair, and looked over.

"You okay?" He asked again.

Sitting beside him, sat Steve Harrington. He had pulled on his boxer briefs a few minutes ago, the rest of their crumpled up clothes laying in wrinkled heaps on the car floor. He hadn't said anything since Billy finished, both slick with sweat, and chests heaving for air. Now suddenly a pit of worry filled Billy's stomach. The same nervous twisting feel of dread he often felt whenever he knew his father was around ready to snap and lash out over the smallest thing. This was

the nervous filling of dread, waiting for Steve to say something. This had been Steve's first time ever being with a guy. Billy on the other hand had been with a guy before, in fact it was the whole reason why Neil took the job offer, forcing them to move here to begin with. This had been Billy's dirty little secret, and he still couldn't believe that entire mess was still just a year ago. That little scandal had resulted in Neil breaking most of Billy's ribs, and causing him to piss blood for nearly a week. He never spoke about what happened, neither did Neil, or Susan, or Max...but that shadow still lingered over the family. It was all this strange little secret that Billy didn't quite know how he felt about. Alex was on his basketball team back in California. He liked him well enough, he drove a Duster, liked to surf, and one evening after a few cheap beers one thing led to another. At first Billy was furious, pushing him away, roughly wiping his mouth and shouting...then Alex's smooth hands were cupping his face and suddenly his lips were on him and everything seemed to fade away. This sneaking around lasted a few months and then that little shit Max decided to get even with him after that night she acted like a complete spaz.

This resulted in them getting found out, and after Neil nearly beat Billy to death, he accepted the job in Hawkins, and so everything was ruined. Billy was threatened by his father if he ever acted like a "queer" again he would kill him, and the scary thing was...Billy actually believed him. So he spent the last year dating local girls, having mindless sex, staying angry, and privately putting up with the abusive of his father. He last heard from Alex right before the move, since then his only reminders of what happened was the occasionally punch or kick from Neil, grabbing a handful of his hair, asking him if he was a fairy like that kid back on the West Coast? Billy tried to move on, but the truth still lingered... Now after a year of playful doing the whole cat and mouse act with Harrington, before finally he took a risk, the biggest of all...and it paid off. Steve had been confused, but by graduation they had privately actually begun whatever this thing was. Billy knew this was different than it had been with Alex. He felt differently with Steve. It was as if...he was teaching him everything, guiding him, truly behind closed doors to lower this bad boy image of himself and actually have fun with Steve. Something about the sneaking around, and everything at risk made it dangerous and so much more fun. He never thought in a million

years that he could actually feel this way about "King Steve" after last October...but here they were. Steve blew a deep breath, blowing his bangs, before running his hands through his thick messy hair and looking over.

"Does it always hurt that bad?" Billy smirked before he flicked his cigarette out the open window.

Turning slightly, he gazed at Steve with hungry eyes, loving how adorable he looked.

"It gets better trust me. Plus there's things we can do it make it better..."

"So, when do we...like...do it the other way around with me...you know..."

Billy tilted his head back and laughed before looking at him.

"You mean, you on top?"

Steve smirked.

"Yeah."

Billy made a face before leaning forward, pressing his forehead against Steve's.

"One step at a time Harrington..."

Steve chuckled, slowly running his hands over Billy's tanned and muscular chest before reaching to the waistband of his boxers and reaching down making Billy stiffen, snapping his eyes shut. Steve laughed before taking his hands out and loosely wrapping his arms around Billy's neck. Playfully he started kissing the side of Billy's neck, licking, and kissing him. Steve being the only one to know how ticklish he was, Billy laughed as Steve continued doing so.

"God I love you..."

Steve pulled away and instantly Billy knew what an idiot he sounded like. He had usually been able to play it cool and tough with Steve,

but as of lately he had really been letting his guard down. Just last week the two lied saying they were going to a concert with separate friends in Ohio, when in reality they went with each other. They went to see a Van Halen show that Billy had splurged for, and spent the night at a cheap motel, where Billy had hoped would be Steve and his first time together. He had scored some cases of beer, and both had smoked a joint getting the giggles, but after some heavy petting Steve had freeze up and apologized. Billy was frustrated, but agreed to go slow. Instead they fell asleep in each other's arms. That weekend they got to see each other naked for the first time, and in the shower the following morning gave each other both blow jobs.

Watching Steve moan, tilting his head back underneath the pouring showered and gripping his hair pulling at it drove him absolutely mad. Here they decided on taking the plunge and doing it tonight. Billy wanted to make it special for Steve, but private. The sneaking around killed them, but sadly that was what they had to live with. Before heading back to town, Billy decided he wanted to mark this occasion and dragged Steve into a tattoo shop downtown. Steve watched amused, shaking his head as Billy picked a skull smoking cigarette and got it tattooed on him. The whole ride back Steve kept rolling up Billy's sleeve, laughing, unable to believe that he actually went ahead and did it. He asked if Neil would kill him and Billy shrugged. The sad truth of the matter was as long as Billy stayed out of Neil's way, he didn't care what he did. Steve was one of the few people who had learned about why they had ended up moving here.

Billy took a second and closed his eyes hating that his big mouth had made him loose his cool.

"Um...I mean."

"You love me?"

Billy opened his eyes and glared at him, ready to let his temper get the best of him. Instead Steve smiled and leaned forward softly kissing him, pressing him back against the seat.

"I love you to Billy...once we save up...we're outta here, just a few more months and we're gone."

It had been a pipe dream they had shared, and now Billy couldn't believe his ears. He pulled back.

"You...mean it?"

Steve pulled away for a second and smirked, his bangs hanging in his face.

"Yeah...my dad made me get that stupid job at the mall since I couldn't get into any good schools. I know you're saving...we'll head to California, get a place on the beach. We'll get jobs...and maybe won't have to keep sneaking around so much."

Billy grinned unable to believe his ears. He honestly felt as if he was dreaming. Suddenly a hungry need for Steve over took him. He saw his plump pouty lips, and needed to devour them. He grabbed him roughly and pulled him closer to him, mouth cover mouth, moaning as his hands clutched onto him. He all ready had a plan, a secret plan he knew he had to hide from Steve...but it was truly the only way the two of them could leave this town together.

"I love you Steve..."

He moaned between kisses. Steve smiled, running his hands through Billy's hair, pinning him down as he straddled over him.

"I love you too Billy...now shut up and kiss me..."

Together they continued kissing as the windows of the Camaro began to fog up again.

2. Chapter 2

October 1984

"Forty! Forty-one! Forty-two!"

Tommy and the guys let go of Billy's legs as he stood up from breaking the record at doing the keg stand. Standing, he spit a mouthful of beer up into the air, beer and foam spraying up and splattering against his bare muscular chest. Everyone out back went completely wild, cheering and screaming. Tommy lost it, cheering and laughing as he handed Billy back his cigarette. Taking a drag of it, Billy shouted...

"THAT'S HOW YOU DO IT HAWKINS! THAT'S HOW YOU DO IT!"

Tommy laughed, leading Billy through the crowds of teens and back inside. Walking in, Tommy's house was packed with most of the senior class. His parents were away for the week visiting family down state, and Tommy held his blow-out, scoring three kegs, and enough liquor to kill a small army from his older cousin who worked at the state liquor store who owed him a favor. Nearly everyone was there, partying it up, and trashing the place. Tommy, dressed as one of the villains from the Karate Kid, rubbed Billy's shoulders and continued walking as Billy snaked his way through the crowd. Tommy wanted to introduce him to "King Steve". aka Steve Harrington. Steve was one of the most popular kids at Hawkins High. He won prom king last year despite the fact he was just a junior at the time. He was class president, on the basketball team, and everybody knew and loved him. He was voted most popular, and class clown. All the girls had crushes on him, and his large circles of friends ranged all over. He was currently dating Nancy Wheeler, some prissy looking chick Billy knew from history class. Still, besides from afar, he really hadn't gotten a good look at "King Steve". Tommy had lost it when Billy decided to show up at the party. He had just started school, keeping his distance from everyone.

They had arrived at Hawkins nearly three weeks ago, and finally after nonstop days of unpacking, the dreaded first day came. Billy was in charge of driving that little shit Max to school at the

elementary building across the parking-lot from the high school. He drove his Camaro in, ignoring Max completely until they parked.

"Meet here at two-thirty or you're skating home."

Max shot him a look. Ever since everything had happened, the two couldn't stand each other. Neil had made it his business to make Billy Max's babysitter. Suddenly she had become his responsibility and her chauffeur. Neil started his new job at the lumber yard, and Susan at the bank. Their house was on one of the last streets before the farm land started and the houses became more spread out. The last few weeks when Billy wasn't helping move furniture, unpack boxes, help Susan, mow the front and back yard, and paint the back steps...he was driving Max around town under strict orders by Neil. They had discovered an arcade downtown, where he drove Max to everyday. She would get out and Billy would threaten her to be outside by three or else. She would slam the door and go inside while Billy simply drove around town.

The backroads allowed him to speed up the Camaro, while seeing what else this shit little town had to offer...which wasn't much. When school started, Billy knew he was turning heads when he stepped out of his car, and walked straight to the office. His schedule wasn't that bad, and opted not to tell each class a little bit about himself each time a teacher introduced him. Instead he just grabbed his books, and found a seat, feeling eyes on him. Enjoying the attention, he kept the whole front up of being moody and mysterious. He sat back, spacing out, and by lunch a bunch of the guys were hanging off him wanting to know everything about California. He adjusted to life here, even though he hated it.

Friday Tommy H handed him a flyer begging him to come to his holiday blow-out. Deciding to say screw it, he drove out and arrived wearing jeans and his leather jacket. Instead all of the girls' jaws dropped as he entered, as Tommy and a few of the guys ran over, offering beers, before coaxing him outside to where the keg was. Now less than a half an hour, feeling slightly buzzed, Billy was led over to "King Steve" who stood with his girlfriend. Billy didn't get who they were supposed to be, but as soon as he walked over, he stared at him and suddenly felt an inner voice whisper...

He's cute...

"We got ourselves a new keg king Harrington."

Patrick, one of Tommy's annoying friends grinned and added...

"Yeah! Eat it Harrington!"

Steve slowly lowered his sunglasses off and stared at Billy. Nancy, Steve's girlfriend seemed uninterested and walked away. Billy's greenish blue eyes locked with Steve's brown ones and instantly Billy felt something like a building heat in the pit of his stomach. Staring, he grinned.

"So, now that I've dethroned the all mighty King Steve, you think you can keep up with us and do a shot to celebrate." Steve smirked, taking the teasing with stride.

"Yeah, sure...just me a second..."

Billy smirked turning as Tommy led them out to the back deck where Justin was preparing fireball shots. As Billy walked through the crowded party he glanced back and saw Steve near the kitchen area looking bummed out as that bitch girlfriend of his walked away. Steve shook his head before walking around the counter and joining them. Billy walked with the others but couldn't help but keep glancing back at him. He was shorter than the guys he usually liked, but everyone had been right about that hair. Smiling, he continued walking with him before exiting through the open patio door leading into the deck where the cool October air hit his bare chest, still wet from beer. A few of the guys circled around as Justin turned, handing out shot glasses. Billy stood across from Steve, as they held their glasses before Tommy raised his glass.

"To our new keg king, Billy Hargrove, and to a truly tubular senior year for the class of 1985!"

All of the other guys cheered as Billy looked across and saw Steve staring at his bare chest, his eyes looking partly amazed, and curious staring at it. Billy locked eyes with his gaze, and instantly Steve tore his eyes away, his cheeks turning a dark shade of red as he stared at

his shot glass as everyone knocked them back. Billy instantly felt that heat return and grinned. Taking his shot, he never took his eyes off Steve. Maybe this move might not be a complete waste of time after all...

Present...

It was well after hours, but Steve used his pass key to sneak into The Starcourt Mall. The main mall officially closed at one in the morning after the last trucks came in with shipments and the cleaning crew had finished. The stores inside all closed at eleven-thirty, and Steve reassured Billy it was totally safe. They would just sneak in through the back entrance where the shipments came through. He used his pass key after Billy parked in the nearly deserted parking-lot, glancing around ready to be spotted at any second. Instead, Steve circled around the car, now re-dressed just like him, his hair floppy and hanging in his face. Smirking, he stood in front of Billy and reached forward, squeezing his hands.

"It's okay, nobody will see."

Billy rolled his eyes, hating that Steve could read him so perfectly. He usually was the cool one, the calm and collected one. The one who constantly reassured Steve and made him feel safe. Instead being out in the open like this together, made him keep waiting for any second for somebody to see him.

"You okay?"

Billy snapped out of his thoughts, before locking eyes with Steve. Instantly he laughed, cupping the side of his soft face with his much larger hand, gently making circular motions with his thumb. Steve smiled staring at him, before reaching forward, and putting his hands in his jean pockets and pulling him forward. Pressing his groin against his, he rotated his hips against his, and laughed before Billy made a face and then noticed the pretty nasty hickey he had left on Steve's neck. He had been rearing and ready to go back in the woods, feeling himself get worked up again, but knew they needed to take things slow. He knew this was all new to him, and wanted to take care of him.

"How you gonna explain that to your old man?"

Steve shrugged, not looking like he even cared.

"I'll say a really hot blond gave it to me."

Billy chuckled before Steve hooked his arm around him.

"Come on, let's go."

Both began to hurry across the parking-lot together, laughing and holding each other having absolutely no idea that this would be the very same location Billy would die at later this very same summer.

Later...

"Shhhh!"

Billy laughed as Steve jogged in front of him through the back hallways of the mall that connected the stores, the back entrances, and the loading bays. Steve had been careful, making sure the coast was clear as he snuck in. Billy walked a few feet behind Steve, watching him jog, sneakers hitting the cement floor ahead of him. Staring, he smiled and tilted his head to the side watching the way his ass moved in his jeans.

"You certainly move well for a guy who took one Hell of a pounding less than an hour ago."

Billy teased as Steve shot him a look before playfully flipping him off as they reached the Scoops Ahoy rear entrance. Stopping, Steve brushed his hair out of his eyes and laughed glancing at him.

"You're lucky I'm even walking right now."

Billy laughed as Steve let them into the dark ice cream shop and flicked on a few lights.

"Welcome to the glamorous area of my employment."

Billy whistled and took a look around.

"Wow...it isn't the Hawkins' Pool...but it truly is something."

Steve turned holding two containers of ice cream from the lay down freezer. Turning, he smiled.

"So are you ready for my world famous USS Butterscotch?"

Billy raised an eyebrow before crossing his arms and leaning against the counter. Steve winked at him before turning and getting to work on the ice cream. Watching him, Billy honestly never in a million years would have believed he would fall this hard for somebody like Steve, yet here they were just a mere hour after having sex and sneaking into this stupid ice cream shop together. Watching him he couldn't explain it, but with him it was different than how it had been with Alex. Watching Steve gave him a strange fluttering feeling in the pit of his stomach. He figured this was what people referred to as the "butterflies" for Billy, that usually just sounded like a bunch of romantic bullshit, but somehow in these last few months, he actually believed it. He knew tonight when he crawled through his bedroom window, all he would be thinking about was that hour crammed in the backseat of his car.

He had wanted to be gentle and take it slow with Steve. He wanted this to be special and not embarrassing like it had been with him. Still, it really had been something. Sure they had messed around, but tonight Steve allowed him to go all the way. He knew that hour would be constantly replaying in his mind tomorrow morning when he jerked off in the shower, certainly wishing Steve was in there with him. But tonight, it was just the two of them. He wanted it to last forever and tonight he figured he would just be a stupid carefree teenager with his boyfriend... Boyfriend... He liked how that sounded. Smiling, he walked up behind Steve, slipping his arms around Steve's waist and pressing his groin against Steve's ass, hoping he could feel his erection which was starting to form beneath the material of his tight jeans. Steve was shaking up a bottle of whipped cream, and paused smiling as Billy gently kissed the side of his neck.

"Want some?"

Steve held up the shaken up bottle of whipped cream. Smiling, Billy tilted Steve's head to glance back at him before he opened his mouth.

Steve smirked before spraying whipped cream straight into Billy's mouth. A tiny bit flecked on the side of Billy's lips, before Steve grinned and leaned over, kissing his mouth, sucking the whipped cream off. Sucking against his skin, their mouths started to move against each other when suddenly they turned and started breathing deeply through their noses as their tongues tasted each other, moaning before Steve laughed through the kiss and lifted the whipped cream bottle and aimed it towards Billy's face, spraying him right in the air. Startled, Billy pushed Steve off and jumped as Steve completely lost it cracking up.

"Oh you like it like that huh princess?!"

Steve cracked up before Billy grabbed the second bottle on the counter and aimed it at Steve spraying him right in the chest. Laughing, the two began to dance around, ducking, and dodging each other as streams of whipped cream went flying. Their laughter floated through the shop and finally settled down twenty or so minutes later. Finally the two had made a surrender, slumped down on the floor, smeared in whipped cream, splitting a half made ice cream and laughing.

"So, was tonight special princess?"

Steve smirked taking a scoopful of ice cream and nodding.

"Yeah, it really was...us cleaning up so Larry the manager doesn't think there was a massacre in here tomorrow will be the perfect way to cap it off."

Laughing, Billy leaned in, kissing Steve's cheek as the two continued to laugh and talk, eating ice cream, and for once actually not worrying about anything and actually feeling at ease. They continued sitting there behind the counter, eating ice cream and stealing kisses from each other. Less than an hour later they cleaned up, and walked arm in arm back out after locking up.

Once they got into the car, Billy glanced in the rearview mirror at the mall and smirked, having absolutely no idea that the boy sitting beside him, the boy he truly felt he was falling in love with...would be forced to speed into this very same car to stop him from killing

Nancy.

3. Chapter 3

Later that night...

Billy reached, pulling Steve towards him, parked out of sight down the road from Steve's house. Plunging his hands through Steve's thick hair drove him absolutely wild. Eyes closed, he moaned as their mouths opened and closed. Plunging his tongue deeply into Steve's warm wet mouth, he smiled through the kiss, sucking inward, tasting the faint taste of cherries and butterscotch ice cream. Letting one of his hands which were gently tugging on Steve's hair, and let one drop into Steve's lap. There he gently cupped Steve's crotch, feeling a pulsing bulge from beneath the material of his jeans. Groaning, Steve gave a wet sloppy kiss, smacking his lips against Billy's. Panting, trying to catch his breath, Steve pressed his hand against Billy's chest, gently pushing him back, before licking his pouty swollen lips. Smirking, he breathed a heavy sigh before shaking his head.

"I really gotta go..."

Billy sighed not wanting this night to stop. It had been perfect, absolutely perfect.

"Listen, tomorrow night...meet me at the pool after closing. Say...eight?"

Steve smiled nodding, before lifting Billy's hand that had been twisting, cupping, and gently squeezing between Steve's legs. Taking it, he gently placed it against the side of his cheek, staring right into his eyes before smiling.

"I mean it Billy. I love you. Tonight was...amazing."

Billy smirked and nodded.

"I know princess. I love you too. Sorry again if I was too rough."

Steve chuckled shaking his head before turning Billy's hand and gently kissing his fingertips.

"Never. Love you."

Leaning in one last time, Steve kissed Billy softly on the lips before pulling back, leaving Billy wanting more. Hungry and frustrated, Billy felt all ready another erection tightening in his jeans. Smiling, he let out a frustrated sigh before watching Steve pull back, open the car door and leave him. Leaning in through the rolled down window, Steve smiled and winked at him, driving Billy absolutely mad.

"Night."

Billy grinned before Steve turned and started jogging up the dark road towards his driveway that led up to his house. So far since this whole "thing" started between the two of them Billy had snuck into Steve's bedroom dozens of times, even taking a midnight dip in Steve's pool when his parents were both out of town. Watching him, Billy let out a deep sigh remembering the night he knew for certain he had fallen head over heels for "King" Steve."

Halloween 1984

Billy had been leaning against the railing of the front porch of Tommy's, smoking a cigarette as some chick named Cathy was unsuccessfully flirting with him, dressed in leg warmers, and sparkle tights. Billy was still bare chested, wearing his leather jacket, and drinking a can of beer. He had caught a pretty good buzz after breaking the keg's record, as well as doing shots, and having a few beers. He had danced with a few girls, and saw plenty of these mid-western losers were practically throwing themselves at him to either be his friend, worship him, or like all these air headed girls want to screw him. They all wanted to know what California was, and gushed over his "cool" car, and had millions of questions for him. Instead, Billy played it cool. Mostly staying silent, giving one word answers, and keeping up the whole "mysterious" front to everyone. He found himself out front, still hearing the music from inside blast as he watched a guy who wasn't Steve load a very wasted Nancy into his station wagon. Billy watched closely, before his eyes tracked over and saw Steve, arms crossed further down the lawn near the shed watching disgusted. The guy circled around, got into the wagon, started it up, and backed out of the driveway.

Looked like things weren't exactly going well for Steve and that prissy girlfriend of his. He had seen her get wrecked inside, spilling a drink on herself when Steve tried to stop her from going to the punch bowl again. Billy at that moment had been on one of the sofas sitting between Tommy and some kid named Jake. A girl who he couldn't remember what her name was sat on his lap as the guys shared beers and compared recent basketball scores. Billy pretended to be listening, but he closely watched the scene unfold. Steve followed Nancy down the hallway towards the bathroom and less than a few minutes later Steve returned looking absolutely gutted. Billy kept his eyes on him and less than fifteen minutes later he found himself outside watching Steve's girlfriend leave with a different guy. Flicking his smoke down, he ignored Cathy and walked down the front steps, and headed down the gentle slope of the lawn towards Steve who appeared to be hunting for his car keys, ready to leave the party himself. Billy approached him.

"Hey Harrington!"

Steve looked up and instantly seemed annoyed.

"Not in the mood Hargrove, the title is all yours...keg king of Hawkins, big deal."

Billy smirked and held his hands up in defense as he approached him as Steve snaked one hand into his pants' pocket, trying to bring up his keys.

"Just teasing dude, sensitive huh?"

Steve shrugged, not making eye contact.

"Yeah well, I guess I've had my fill of bullshit tonight."

Before Billy could say anything Steve yanked out his keys with a faint jingle sound as they fell through his fingers and fell onto the grass. Billy and Steve at the same exact time leaned down to pick them up before both froze. Both were bending down, and looked up, their faces less than an inch away. There was a strange silence that hushed over the two as they locked eyes. Billy felt a building heat in his stomach as he stared and suddenly felt that strange fluttering feeling

within him. Steve stared, before blinking and breaking the moment. Grabbing his keys, he stood up quickly, cheeks flushed.

"Um, I gotta book...see you at school..."

He muttered walking past him in a hurry. Billy's arm shot out like a bullet, and grabbed Steve's arm, firmly gripping his arm, fingers digging in. Steve stopped and stared. Both locked eyes again before Billy smirked, enjoying having this power over him.

"Hey...don't sweat it...princess."

For just a fraction of a second Billy thought he saw a flickering of a smile in Steve's eyes. It didn't last long, maybe a mere half a second...and then it was gone. Still, Billy saw it, and knew that Steve felt it. Looking uncomfortable, Steve cleared his throat, before pulling his arm away and hurrying up the lawn to his car. Turning, Billy decided that he was going to see if Hawkins truly was going to be worth it after all. Watching Steve's ass bounce as he climbed the hill towards the driveway, Billy chuckled, running his tongue over his lips. It was at that exact moment, he knew...he was falling...and falling hard.

Present

Billy had parked on the street, and killed the engine before sneaking around to the side of the house and hiking himself up through his open window. He was sure Neil was passed out in front of the TV with a six-pack, and was in no mood for that asshole to spoil this special night for him. Instead he did what he usually did. He slid on his stomach carefully, and braced the floor, before standing up in the darkness of his bedroom. Less than a half an hour later, he was undressed in a baggy tank top and basketball shorts. His flat stomach slowly raised and fell with each breath as he laid on his bed, hands behind his head, gazing up at the ceiling, playing back every moment of tonight.

Earlier...

Steve laid on his stomach in the backseat of the Camaro. Billy had just finished jerking him off, and was straddling him, hovering over

him, ready to aim and take position. He stared at Steve's pale smooth ass, and felt his erection pulsing in his hand, throbbing, ready to take him. They had spent the last hour doing four-play, getting ready to finally do this. To humor him, Billy had rolled a condom on, and now knelt down, balancing on the small back seat, before entering him. Using his muscular thighs, he gently parted Steve's legs, before he instructed him to scooch up on his knees slowly.

Steve do so silently, and Billy could tell he was nervous. Leaning down, he gently rubbed Steve's bare back, before kissing the back of his neck and brushing his hair away.

"Are you ready?" Steve licked his lips and nodded.

"Yeah, just...go slow okay?"

Billy grinned, before he positioned himself, one hand holding onto the side of Steve's hip. With one heavy breath, he pushed forward...and entered him.

Present.

Billy smiled, remembering that moment, and licked his lips. He knew falling this hard for Steve Harrington was going to be a problem. If anybody even dared to lay their hands on him or hurt him, Billy knew for certain one thing was true. He would kill them.

Smiling, he closed his eyes, replaying that hour in his car over and over in his mind, making it last forever.

4. Chapter 4

Before...

Billy had decided to toy with Harrington. They had gym period together and he honestly couldn't wait to show off his game playing skills as well as his body when the coach announced it was shirts verses skins. Peeling off his gray school issued T-shirt, he decided to play a little game of cat and mouse and see how much Harrington could take. When he dodged into him earlier, slamming him to the ground he offered his hand, firmly gripping it and stared at him with intense eyes telling him how to plant his feet.

"You were moving your feet. Plant them next time...draw a charge..."

He felt Steve's soft brown eyes stare up at him, before that same strange tension lingered in the air. Knowing this wasn't the place, he let go of Steve's hand and continued playing. After dunking a great shot, he locked eyes with him again, pumped up on energy, wagging his tongue, using all his self-control not to get an erection in his gym shorts, and felt sweat drip off him. He wanted to laugh, but instead smiled. Feeling like a predator, he was enjoying this little game. He was showing control, humiliating Steve but not in a cruel way. Then, Steve hurried out because of that little bitch Nancy. Frustrated that Steve wasn't here to watch him completely destroy other players, he felt his temper getting the best of him, before less than ten or so minutes later Steve returned. Billy grinned seeing him come back, but instantly noticed something was wrong. Steve looked different, his head was down low, and his eyes looked as if they were on the verge of tears. Before he joined the others the bell sounded and everyone started heading towards the locker room. Billy stood in the showers with Tommy and Steve washing up afterwards Billy made sure to steal a few glances in Steve's direction when neither Tommy or he was looking.

He admired Steve's body, as well as his pretty impressive sized penis. It was surrounded by thick pubic hair with tiny little beads of water collecting in it. Steve wasn't very muscular, but had a nice flat smooth pale stomach, and his ass drove Billy absolutely wild. It was firm and round. As Billy finished showering, he popped his ears by

pinching his nose and blowing out lightly, before standing back, hoping even subconsciously Steve would notice his body. He took pride in his body, and was constantly working out. Naked besides his St. Christopher's necklace that laid against his smooth wet hairless chest, he tilted his head back and knew this was his chance to flirt. Steve hadn't said much since they entered the showers, and he knew that little bitch Nancy was to blame. Word had all read spread around about who took her home after she got wasted at Tommy's.

"Don't sweat it Harrington. Today is just not your day man."

Steve's eyes stared at the tile floor where the drains where and for just a flickering moment glanced up and looked at Billy's penis. Billy felt a surge of excitement as Steve quickly dropped his eyes, pretending he wasn't looking. Tommy chuckled on the other side of the showers.

"Yeah not your week either...you and the princess aren't broken up for one day and she all ready ran off with that freak's brother."

Billy grabbed his towel, listening as Tommy continued to tease Steve, laughing it up before walking away. Seeing the pain in Steve's eyes, he watched as he began to shampoo his beautiful hair. Making sure Tommy was far enough away near the lockers, he smirked and leaned forward.

"Don't take it too hard man. Pretty boy like you got nothing to worry about. Plenty of bitches in the sea."

With that he playfully reached up and turned the water off as Steve's entire head was completely soaped up. Smirking, Billy stared at him as Steve squinted so shampoo wouldn't get in his eyes. Billy smiled before slapping the side of his arm before walking away, taking his time to wrap the towel around his waist. so Steve could get a good view of his ass as he headed towards his locker.

"I'll make sure to leave you some."

He heard Steve put the water back on and couldn't help but smile. He was planning on making Harrington his little pet project. Even if it was distant harmless flirting, he would get him to loosen up, maybe

even become friends with him. He knew he was playing with fire, mostly in a small town like this. He knew there wouldn't be any second chances, or another move. Neil would kill him. Still, he couldn't believe himself. He was developing a pretty serious crush on King Steve. He figured it might take a few months, but maybe he would double date with him with a few dumb bitches from around here. A little movie played in his mind. Parked in the Camaro, getting a blow-job from some faceless little bitch, and Steve in the back, jeans down around his ankles getting blown as well. In his little fantasy he saw himself look over his shoulder into the backseat and locking eyes with Steve and being greeted with a smile. This fantasy turned to a very real and vivid image of the two of them kissing. It was so clear, he broke out in goosebumps.

Present

"BILLY!"

Steve found himself screaming as he rushed into the emergency room at the hospital downtown. He was running beside Billy who was laying on a stretcher, being pushed by several nurses, and a doctor using a pump for an oxygen bag placed over Billy's mouth. The doctor and nurses were all shouting, but none of it made sense. One seemed to be trying to shine a penlight into Billy's eyes, as he cried out in pain, a sound that absolutely destoryed Steve. Feeling tears well up in his eyes, he ran along the side of the stretcher, one hand firmly gripping the metal railing, the other squeezing his hand.

"WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM?"

Everyone was talking far too fast for Steve to understand, but one sentence was clear enough for him to feel complete and utter fear pound deep within his heart, and make a hollow pit in his stomach.

"We're losing him."

The three words echoed, before Billy began to have a seizure. His eyes rolled back within his head, and he started thrashing back and forth against the metal railings of the stretcher violently. His back arched, his bare chest beaded with sweat as suddenly his entire body shove violently. For one frantic moment, underneath the overhead passing lights, he

thought he saw Billy's usual beautiful sun kissed tanned skin now deathly pale with what appeared to be hundreds of tiny black spreading vines.

Steve then snapped awake, drenched in a cold sweat as he shot up from his bed.

For a brief second he truly didn't know where he was. He sat up wearing a pair of baggy basketball shorts, and one of Billy's Poison T-shirts. He had given it to him about a month ago. Steve had lied when his mother noticed it doing laundry, commenting that it wasn't his typical style, and asked when he got it? Steve had lied saying he bought it at the mall since he liked the band has just a bang around shirt to wear to bed. His mother had shrugged, buying his story before remarking that he had bought it a little big. In reality, Steve absolutely loved this shirt. For the first week after Billy had given it to him, he hadn't washed it. Instead he laid awake every night still smelling the faint scent of his musk and cologne, and it drove him wild. One night when Billy had snuck in through his bedroom window, he had noticed Steve wearing it and had playfully teased him.

Shrugging, Steve who had been sitting behind Billy rubbing his shoulders, gently kissed one before saying he liked wearing it, since after he leaves for the night, it still sorta felt like he was still there in a sense. Billy had turned his head slightly and smiled at him.

"You really are a little princess aren't you Harrington?"

Steve smiled back at him, before tilting his head and kissing him. Tonight, he awoke feeling his heart hammer in his chest. He suddenly felt sick to his stomach as he fully woke up. His big brown eyes scanned his dark bedroom, cool blue lights casting from the pool down below on the patio. He sat up, and his mind flashed back to that terrible dream. Looking over at his alarm clock he saw it was a little after four in the morning. Steve had a shift at Scoops at ten later today, and Billy was due to the pool at eight. They had made plans on seeing each other later on, but at this exact moment, all Steve wanted was to make sure Billy was okay.

Standing up, he swung his legs onto the carpet laid floor, and stood up. His hair was a mess, sticking up in different directions as he

shuffled to his bathroom. Turning on the overhead light from the vanity, he squinted, and looked at his reflection. He couldn't believe how absolutely awful he looked. He was pale, and bags were beneath his eyes. Running water, he cupped his hands and splashed it up against his face, bangs dripping. Feeling sick, he steadied himself against the counter, tempted to grab his phone and call Billy. He had his own line in his room, an expense he had paid for himself so Neil his father wouldn't bitch.

Still, it was late...or early, whatever it was and he was certain the ring might wake somebody else even if Billy answered quickly. Lowering his shorts, he took his penis out and aimed, doing the bathroom feeling the slight discomfort from a full bladder. He was still pretty sore from earlier. He had expected it to hurt, and was ready to be pretty embarrassed. Instead, he had a good talk with Billy before they stared, and he voiced how absolutely terrified he was about finally going ahead and doing it. Billy had listened, not teasing, not putting forth some tough guy front, instead he talked about his first time and had been honest.

He told him they could move at any rate he wanted them to move. He knew certain things to make it hurt less, and wanted to make sure this was special for him. In the end as much as it had hurt, Billy had spent his time making sure he felt good, and Steve was absolutely certain he was head over heels completely for Billy now. Sure he liked girls, had slept with Nancy, and had even loved her...but with Billy it was different. He was terrified. He knew what people would say, and had learned all about Billy's past, but somehow...being around him felt safe, felt...like he was home. He had come home, and his parents were all ready asleep upstairs.

They had a big cruise planned next week and that meant two whole weeks alone, which also meant Billy and him could enjoy themselves in the comfort of his own home. When he went upstairs, he undressed, and wasn't all that surprised to find a little bit of blood in his underwear. Tossing them out, he was warned by Billy that he might be sore for awhile, but he was totally fine. Steve showered, changed, and went to bed, unable to believe that he had sex with Billy Hargrove. Before falling asleep, a lazy smile spread across his face, and now a few hours later he found himself awake and

absolutely terrified. He needed to see Billy. Switching the lights off, he returned back to his bedroom and grabbed a pair of jeans that were laying on the floor near his dresser. Hopping into them, he zipped and buttoned them up and grabbed his sneakers, before carefully opening his bedroom door. Glancing down the dark hallway, he looked in the direction of his parent's bedroom door. Trying not to make any noise, he made his way down the stairs before grabbing his keys, and going out the back sliding patio door. Starting the engine, he waited knowing his parents' room were on the other side of the house and wouldn't hear the car. If they happened to get up before he came home he would make up some dumb lie about taking the car to the gym or something, ever since he couldn't get into any good schools his parents really didn't care what he did. His father had forced him to get that stupid job at Scoops, and lectured him about saving and taking life more seriously. His mother didn't seem that concerned at all, which was just as well for Steve.

That meant more time with Billy and nobody to disturb them. Taking one last glance at his house, he sighed, before backing the car up and headed down the dark road in the direction of Billy's house. He knew his heart wouldn't stop hammering until he laid eyes on him. Later... Billy had fallen asleep with his headphones on after coming home. Laying in just his own pair of sweatpants, he slept with his fan on, snoring lightly, his chest and flat stomach slowly rising and falling. Steve had circled around the house, going to his bedroom window, having snuck in through plenty of times, always secretly worried that Neil would somehow catch them and hurt Billy.

So far they had been lucky, but Steve didn't like taking any chances. Besides, the two of them had dozens of other meeting places. Having parked down the street, he jogged through a few yards, dew collecting on the grass, the early morning sky a midnight jet blue, the sun still having not risen. He made it to Billy's, seeing Neil's truck, and Billy's car parked in the driveway. Looking at the car he couldn't help but smile. In that backseat was where it had happened earlier. He smirked, before circling around to the side yard, looking at Billy's partly opened window, and took hold of the windowsill. Hoisting himself up, he pushed the window up, before looking inside.

He saw Billy asleep on the bed, headphones on, it's long snaking cord

attached to the stereo system. Staring, he couldn't help but smile. Wiggling in through, he let his hands brace against the hardwood floor as he slid on his stomach, and made his way inside. The second he carefully landed on his stomach, sliding in, he turned and looked at Billy. Smiling, he lifted himself up and waited for a second, listening to any sounds that might alert him that somebody was up. Instead silence, just the faint sounds of Billy's breathing and light snoring. Walking over, he sat down on the edge of the bed, nervously chewing his lip before reaching and lifting Billy's headphones off. Softly some heavy metal music he couldn't quite place rang from them as he slid them off Billy's head past his curled thick dirty blond hair. Instantly Billy muttered in his sleep, his long lashes fluttered, before he stirred awake.

It took him a second before he raised an eyebrow, when suddenly he fully woke up, eyes widening as Steve smiled staring down at him.

"Steve?"

He muttered, his voice deep and dry sounding from sleep. Confused, Billy blinked, before glancing at his alarm clock. It was twenty till five. Scooting up a little, Billy pushed his headphones down and suddenly looked concerned. "What are you doing here? Is something wrong?" He harshly whispered. Steve gave a tired smile, and shook his head, reaching down and turning his fingers to gently stroke the side of his face.

"Sorry...I had a bad dream, just needed to see you."

Billy stared at him confused, before he made a face.

"You drove all the way over here because you had a bad dream?"

Steve blushed, dropping his eyes and shrugged.

"I know I'm such a pussy. It just...seemed real. I just needed to make sure you were okay."

"The dream was about me?"

"Yeah, it was stupid...but I just needed to see you and tell you...I love you."

Smirking, Billy sat up more, staring across at Steve before he cupped his hand and squeezed it. Turning it over, he gently kissed each finger of his before staring at him.

"I love you too Harrington."

Leaning forward, they kissed.

5. Chapter 5

December 1984

Steve pulled his car over near the quarry after dropping Dustin off. He had caught sight of Nancy through the gym windows and instantly felt an icy cold grip around his heart. The breakup had been hard, in fact the hardest one he honestly had ever gone through. He felt that he had truly loved Nancy, and after everything they had gone through, she had chosen Jonathan. Maybe in the end, she had picked the better man. Feeling humiliated, he kept this anger and depression deep down inside of him. He had been asked out by a few girls at school, but he had turned them all down. His mother kept bringing up what a shame it was that Nancy and him hadn't lasted, especially during senior year.. He had watched from afar as Jonathan and her held hands in the hallways, walking arm in arm. The guys all teased him, mostly Tommy that Jonathan had stolen the princess away from him. Instead Steve shrugged it off, and hid how badly it hurt. Instead he simply just wanted Nancy to be happy. After seeing her, he knew he didn't want to head straight home.

His father had a few guys from work over and they were downstairs in the den watching a hockey game and nursing whiskey on the rocks. His mother was at her aerobic's class. Needing some time alone, he drove up to the quarry, where Nancy and him had parked plenty of times before. Tonight it was deserved. It was freezing out, and there seemed to be a million sparking stars that resembled shards of ice. Killing the engine, he sat for a second, listening to the engine tick and cool before he let himself out, grabbing his vest that laid in the back seat before slamming the door. Slipping it on, he zipped it up, before letting out a deep breath, watching it come out in clouds. Leaning against the side of the car, he fought back tears as he stared off into the darkness. Suddenly the weight of everything started to come crashing down. Ever since November, he had been really losing interest in school. He started skipping class, and had just stopped playing basketball all together. The coach had been giving him a hard time, and his father had really started in on him about not applying to any schools yet.

He thought back to that night at Jonathan's when everything happened. How he knew it was officially over between Nancy and him as they stood in the back yard. He remembered seeing the guilt in her eyes before he sadly said. "It's okay Nancy...it's okay..." Now here he was, all alone. Suddenly he heard the sound of a car approaching. He glanced over, and saw headlights coming down the back dirt road. It took a second as the car came closer that he saw who it was. Frustrated, he rolled his eyes, really not in the mood. Roughly using his sleeve, he wiped his eyes as the blue Camaro rolled up and parked less than fifteen feet away. Just his luck that Billy Hargrove would pick this exact time and place to screw around with some girl as he's out here crying his eyes out. The headlights were shut off, and Billy climbed out. He was wearing jeans, a blue button up shirt, and a brown leather jacket. He climbed out, puffing on a cigarette.

"That you Harrington?"

Both hadn't said a word to each other since that night. Steve had to make up this big dumb lie that he had fallen face first with some friends to explain his busted up face to his parents. His mother bought it, but his father had been suspicious. He had seen Billy plenty of times at school, but they hadn't even looked in each other's direction.

He had two classes with Billy, including gym, but both hadn't said so much as one word to each other. Dustin had said ever since that night, he had laid off Max, and actually from what she said was being pretty decent to her.

"Yeah well if my kid sister almost ripped my balls off with a baseball bat covered in nails I might do the same thing."

Steve had joked just a few weeks ago when he bought Dustin a burger downtown after hanging at the arcade. He knew it was lame that he was spending a good portion of his time hanging with a bunch of kids, but ever since that night, he had gained a whole new respect for these kids, and actually felt no judgement when he was with him, most of all from Dustin. He had always wanted a younger sibling, and he figured Dustin might need a little guidance since his mom was single, and just like him had no siblings. Now here was

Billy Hargrove, standing before him. Steve sniffled, and stared at him.

"Listen man, I'm not in the mood..."

Billy walked over, and Steve instantly saw something was different about him. His eyes looked serious, and there wasn't some big macho front. Instead, he actually looked concerned. He walked over, and flicked his smoke down onto the gravel.

"Hey man, I come in peace."

He held his hands up, palms facing out to show he wasn't looking for a fight. Steve looked at him unsure, before Billy shoved his hands into his pockets of his jacket and hunched his shoulders down, his own breath coming out in tiny puffs.

"I was out grabbing smokes after dropping Max off at that stupid dance when I saw your car drive by. I've been meaning to talk with you alone and I followed you...sorry for being a creep."

Steve raised an eyebrow before Billy walked over and stared at him.

"Listen, a lot of shit has happened lately. I...wanted to apologize. I acted like a psycho, and...well wanted to see how that lip is healing up."

Steve suddenly saw that Billy was serious. Standing back, he sighed and shrugged.

"No problem man."

Billy stared at him before noticing the tears still glimmering in Steve's brown eyes. They looked at each other, before Steve blinked, partly embarrassed before simply staring down at the ground. He kicked a few pebbles away with the toe of his sneaker, and sighed. Billy stood beside him, leaning against his car, before fishing in his pocket of his jacket for a pack of cigarettes. Taking one out, he offered the pack to Steve who simply shook his head. Grabbing his zip lighter, he attempted to light it, but the wind was too strong. Steve glanced over, seeing him struggling, as well as tiny bits of his dirty blond hair fluttering back slightly as well as his dangling earring. Smirking, Steve leaned over and cupped his hands around Billy's and the

cigarette.

"Here..."

Billy lit the lighter, and got it going. Taking a deep drag, he nodded as Steve stepped back.

"Thanks..."

Steve nodded before Billy stared at him again, an odd feeling overcame Steve as Billy locked eyes with him, before reaching forward. Steve suddenly stiffened as Billy reached and gently touched his lip.

"Lip healed up pretty good."

Steve backed away slightly, before nodding, feeling uncomfortable, but not exactly hating the strange twinge that surged through his body when Billy's finger touched his lip. Sighing, he stood back before Billy frowned, his eyebrows drawn down.

"You come up here a lot?"

Steve shrugged, before kicking a few more pebbles.

"Used to, just needed to come up here to think."

"It's nice...the sky out here sorta reminds me of the beach back home."

Steve stared up, looking at the millions of sparkling stars.

"Yeah?"

"Yeah, before we moved here...whenever things got too heavy at home and my dad was being an asshole, I would ride out to the beach, park, lay out on my hood and listen listen to the waves crashing against the surf and stare up at the stars."

Steve glanced over at Billy, and saw him staring up at the sky. Suddenly he didn't see Billy Hargrove as the big asshole who annoyed him to no end. Instead he saw a softer side to him. He actually looked

happy. Steve smirked, before he looked up at the sky as well.

"Sounds nice..."

Billy nodded, still staring up, smoking his cigarette, letting out large clouds of smoke with each puff. They stayed that way, just looking up at the sky in silence for a few minutes, before Billy finished his smoke and flicked the butt to the ground.

"You okay man?"

Steve broke out of his thoughts and turned towards Billy who was staring at him.

"What?"

"You okay? I'm not ragging on you but when I first pulled up you looked like you were crying."

Steve waited for the punchline, some nasty teasing remark. Instead, Billy stared at him and actually looked sincere. Steve sighed, running a hand through his hair.

"Naw man, just same old bullshit. Just...it's been a pretty tough month."

"Is it about that Wheeler chick?"

Steve sighed and nodded.

"Yeah. I gave that Henderson kid a ride to the Snow Ball dance and I spotted her. I see her everyday but...she just looked so beautiful. Guess it's just hitting me now that it's officially over."

"Hey man, you could do a whole lot better. Like I said plenty of bitches in the sea. I see girls at school always drooling all over you."

Steve felt his cheeks burn a little as he gave a half smile and rolled his eyes.

"Yeah, guess...it's just the reality that we weren't meant to be. It's stupid bullshit but...I guess between school, and the breakup, and my

dad being an asshole about college next year...seeing her tonight was just the last thing I needed. Stupid huh?"

Billy shook his head.

"No, it isn't. First off, trust me I get it. I know all too well about fathers being assholes. As for Nancy, I know you could do a whole lot better trust me."

Steve shrugged.

"Yeah man I don't know..."

"Bullshit. You're Steve Harrington. Any girl would be lucky to date you."

Steve laughed before Billy turned partly and stared at him, suddenly they locked eyes again.

"I mean it. You're a catch. Nancy Wheeler is a dumb bitch."

Steve broke up laughing completely before he shook his head and leaned down picking up a rock. Stepping away from his car, he began to walk away, bending down along the way, collecting more rocks. Billy watched him puzzled, before he took in the sight of Steve's ass in his tight blue jeans. Lightly laughing himself, he ran his tongue over his bottom lip before following him, hands still inside his pockets. Both walked side by side, along the edge of the quarry, as Billy glanced over and saw what Steve was doing. He had several rocks in his hands, and was flinging them as hard as he could into the darkness of the quarry. It was so deep, you didn't even hear a sound. Billy watched Steve amused, before reaching over and plucking a rock from Steve's hands and flung it as hard as he could into the darkness. He saw Steve smirk, before Billy stopped and turned towards him.

Steve threw his last rock, before sighing and facing him.

"Seriously dude. I know we had our battles, but screw that chick...you're a catch man."

Steve stared at him waiting for the punchline, before it slowly settled

over his face that Billy wasn't joking. He locked eyes with him, and that same strange thick tension settled between the two of them. Suddenly feeling Billy's eyes on him made Steve feel strange, but not in an unusual way. He felt strange all over, both curious and embarrassed. He felt suddenly overcome with a strange hot flash. The tiny hairs on the back of his neck stood up, as he stared feeling weird. He waited to look away, to laugh, or say something to break this strange silence. Instead, he stood there transfixed, staring into Billy's eyes. That's when they both heard the loud sound of an approaching engine. Both turned at the same exact time, looking into the darkness when they saw it as if it appeared out of nowhere. Two dirt bikes, speeding straight towards them. Both circular bright headlights shinning brightly, blinding the two of them.

Steve squinted, raising his hand to shield above his eyes and try and see whatever it was. Billy saw it, and saw they were going too fast, and they didn't see him. Instantly Billy knew they were standing right in the way. Hearing the engine sounds become even louder, on pure instinct, he grabbed hold of Steve's vest and pulled him forward towards him. He tried to step back out of the way, but he caught Steve off guard, and he felt the weight of him crash against him. Rocking back on his heels, he took hold of Steve and both crashed backwards, falling out of the way and hard against the ground. Steve falling right on top of Billy's chest, landing with a heavy thud. Billy felt his balls take a good whack and saw stars and groaned, as Steve landed directly on top of Billy's chest.

Seconds later both bikes sped by loudly, buzzing by, not even seeing them. Billy turned his head and watched as the taillights disappeared into the darkness. Brow drawing down, he couldn't believe how stupid those assholes were. That's when he turned his head up and looked at Steve who was staring straight down at him. The two locked eyes, and Billy suddenly felt himself become lost in his eyes. Forgetting about everything warning him not to do it, Billy stared up at Steve before reaching up, grabbing the back of his head and plunging his mouth against Steve's. Steve's eyes widened in surprise and disbelief for a moment, before suddenly he felt fireworks.

For the first time ever in his life, he actually felt like he was truly having his first real kiss. In total he had kissed nine different girls,

this one blew all of them away. His entire body filled with a strange wonderful tingling that went straight down to his balls, causing himself he feel almost instantly form a pretty impressive erection beneath his jeans. Billy's lips were firm and strong, moving against his as if both fit perfectly like some puzzle that hadn't been solved until now. Steve heard him moan through the kiss, before he felt his tongue dart inside his mouth, sucking and tasting. Steve closed his eyes, and couldn't believe he found himself responding. He moaned in return, and he felt Billy's grip in his hair tighten. Their mouths moved against each other, sucking, and plunging, before Steve broke the kiss, lifting his head, and watching a small line of spit fall between his lips and Billy's.

The two stared at each other. Steve down at Billy, and Billy up at Steve. Both were flushed, and stared in complete and utter surprise before it hit Steve exactly what they were doing. He had just been making out with Billy Hargrove. He suddenly felt very scared. He still felt his hard-on pressing against his thigh, and was almost completely certain that Billy felt it as well. Shaken, he scrambled up, and jumped off Billy. Standing back, he ran his hands through his hair, and stared at Billy still laying there. Billy lifted his head and stared up at Steve, his eyes serious.

"Harrington...listen."

Steve used the back of his hand to wipe the back of his mouth. He couldn't believe it. Billy sighed, before he jumped up himself, and walked over. He smoothed down his shirt that had hiked up a bit, and Steve caught sight of his flat tanned stomach. Walking over, Billy suddenly looked like a predator seeking its prey. Steve gulped, almost ready to turn around and just run. Instead Billy stopped a few feet away and sighed.

"Steve listen..."

Steve thought it was strange for Billy to use his first name. He blinked with wide eyes, before Billy stared at him. Steve honestly didn't know what to say. Taking a deep breath, he shook his head.

"Billy I..."

"I felt you...that felt good didn't it?"

Steve suddenly felt as if everything was moving a million miles per second. Shaking his head, he took a shaken step back.

"No...no way...I..."

"I knew it, the second I came to town. That felt natural...nothing like how it felt whenever you were with Nancy right?"

"I..."

Before he could finish, Billy walked over and gently cupped the sides of his face with his hands. Steve froze, before Billy tilted his head up and stared at him.

"I understand if you don't like me...but I know you felt that. It was fucking amazing...so now you know my secret Harrington. You can either push me away and never talk to me again and I can just hope you'll be cool and not run your mouth. If my father ever found out he'll kill me...not just some empty threat, he'll seriously kill me. I know you don't owe me shit...but if that really did feel good...maybe you'll just take a second and hear me out."

Steve stared at him confused, when suddenly he found himself becoming lost in his eyes. Staring at him scared, he took a deep breath before saying screw it. Taking a deep breath, he closed his eyes, tilted his head, and kissed a very surprised Billy.

Present

"So you'll meet me at the pool at eight?"

Steve nodded standing in Billy's bedroom. It was nearly daylight, and the sky had taken on a beautiful soft pink hue to the sky as the sun had just begun to place his palms against Billy's bare chest, loving how warm and firm his muscles felt. He had watched Billy a few times lift weights and it absolutely drove him wild.

"Yeah, Robin is taking the second shift so I can make it. I'll see you then."

"Are you sure you're okay princess?"

Billy asked cocking his head to the side, staring at him concerned. Steve sighed, before shrugging and rolling his eyes feeling pretty embarrassed and silly.

"Yeah it was just a stupid nightmare, just seemed so real...sorry I woke you up."

Billy raised an eyebrow, turning his head back before he reached and touched the bottom of Steve's chin, making him look him in the eye.

"Listen, if you're the first thing I see whenever I open my eyes, feel free to wake me up."

Steve smirked, before Billy kissed the side of his mouth, and wrapped his strong muscular arms tightly around him. Steve sighed, putting his arms around him, before he drew back his head and looked closely at Billy's face. One of his favorite things to do was closely study his boyfriend. He loved the golden tan he always got whenever he laid out in the sun. He loved his strong jawline, his ocean colored eyes, and the light scatter of faint freckles that he believed only he could see whenever he was closely looking.

Giving Billy a tight squeeze, he gently laughed knowing he better get out of here before Neil woke up.

"Thanks for humoring your dramatic boyfriend."

Billy smiled and Steve knew he absolutely loved whenever he referred to himself as his "boyfriend". He knew they were getting older and the term did sound pretty lame, but whenever he said it, those stormy colored eyes of Billy's would suddenly have a faint hue of green, showing that he was getting excited and turned on. Billy kissed his cheek with a loud smack, and slowly lowered his hands that were tightly around his back, before reaching his ass and cupping it. Steve giggled, before Billy pressed his forehead against his.

"You better be ready for tonight...it will be the workout...of your life."

Smiling, Steve turned his head kissing Billy one last time, before he

pulled back and opened his window. Looking at him, he winked, loving Billy's smile in return, before carefully sliding out, and feeling his sneakers touch the grass beneath. Carefully looking around, making sure no neighbor grabbing their morning paper. Looking, he knew the coast was clear, before he jogged across the lawn, reached the sidewalk, and walked down the street to his car. Opening the door, he climbed in, before taking his keys out. Holding them, he stared out watching the sunrise and wished more than anything Billy was with him watching the sky turn all these beautiful different shades of colors.

Touching his lips, still tasting Billy, he honestly couldn't wait to see him tonight. He was still pretty sore, but honestly couldn't wait. Starting the engine, he started driving down the street, counting himself lucky that nobody had seen him.

But he was wrong.

Max, who was standing by her window, clicking her walkie talkie off when somebody must have pressed the call button, waking her by the sound of static. Half awake, she threw back her sheets, shuffled to the window near her dresser where her walkie talkie was, and grumbled. Looking out at the side yard as the sun was just beginning to rise, she instantly saw it and couldn't believe it. Steve climbing out of Billy's window. He landed on the grass, smiling before walking around the house.

Confused, and now fully awake, Max. stood there, completely speechless.

6. Chapter 6

February 1985

Steve couldn't believe he was actually sitting again in Billy Hargrove's car. A lot had happened since December, and Steve still wasn't completely sure how to feel about this all. For awhile he stayed away from Billy, avoiding him like the plague. When Billy confronted him, they talked, and then there was that night at the gym after hours... He was confused, scared, curious, and more than a little on edge about anyone finding out, still he truly couldn't stop thinking about Billy. Whenever he felt his eyes on him at school, or in the school parking lot, he felt that same strange fluttering and twisting feeling in the bottom of his stomach. A huge part of himself was absolutely terrified, so scared that the feelings he had weren't just out of fear, but pure excitement. Today, he had finally found himself alone with Billy while in the locker rooms.

It was here that Billy asked if he wanted to meet up later and "hang". Steve found himself transfixed in Billy's blue eyes, before his eyes drifted to his Hawkins gym issued T-shirt. The sleeves rolled up over his large tanned biceps. Without so much as a thought, Steve agreed. Billy had picked him up and Steve was thankful that his parents were too busy entertaining company in the dinning room to even care in asking where he was going tonight? Instead, Steve spent the last half an hour fixing his hair, and nervously staring at his reflection in his bathroom window. Rolling his eyes over how stupid he was being, he nearly jumped when he heard the horn outside. Quickly he grabbed his jacket, and hurried down the stairs, racing to the door, before casting one last glance over his shoulder, seeing the light spilling in from the dinning room, and the faint sounds of one of his father's jazz records, as well as laughter. Shrugging on his jacket, he grabbed his keys from the table near the door, and stepped outside. Any feeling of the skin numbing night cold vanished the second he laid eyes on Billy's car. He saw the headlights cutting through the darkness of the driveway, and the faint sound of his radio playing from within the car. Taking a deep breath, he climbed down the front steps, and walked across his cobble stone driveway towards the Camaro.

Mentally preparing himself, he told himself that they were just going for a drive. Nothing weird about that. Just two guys hanging out on a Friday. Billy and him ran roughly in the same social circles, but this year Steve had really stopped partying, and truly "enjoying" his senior year like so many of his other asshole friends. Still, he saw Billy nearly every day at school. They had two of the same classes as well as gym. While Billy mostly didn't say anything, sitting in the back, always casting him glances whenever the bell rang from his seat. Steve always caught him staring, sometimes he would smirk, or raise his eyebrows. There was always a playful glimmer in his eyes, and Steve found himself actually enjoying whenever he reached for his backpack, hurrying to his next class, talking with his friends. Whenever he would glance back, he would always find Billy still sitting, never in a hurry to move or collect his things. Instead he would always find him staring at him. He was sure if anyone else noticed they would think that Hargrove was just busting Steve's balls. Everyone had heard about something going down between the two of them, which explained Steve's busted lip and black eye the following school day. Steve didn't say anything, but he had been asked by nearly everyone how he got it.

He had heard vague rumors that when asked, Billy simply shrugged, and said that Harrington and him got into some shit, and that Steve actually really was kicking his ass for awhile before he got the upper hand, after that they called a truce, and were officially over their bullshit until further notice. As far as anyone else knew, Billy was still keg king, and quickly becoming one of the most popular "bad boys" at school. Steve meanwhile since his breakup with Nancy was hanging out with middle school kids, and rarely going to any parties. He shrugged off the remarks, and still kept busy at school, but more than often he would find some excuse in not really hanging out with anyone. Billy still ragged on him in gym. He always was up to playing basketball and kicking his ass when called for. They mostly only spoke during this class period they only had three times a week. Here he would find Billy, usually in just his gym shorts, or some tight skin clinging T-shirt. They didn't always play together, but whenever the coach tossed out the basketballs they would play. Only a few times Billy would be on the same team as Steve. Here Steve would catch him glancing at him, or wagging his tongue and taunting him. Whenever he was against him, he seemed jeoped up, and full of

anger, like a predator enjoying toying with its prey. In the showers, Steve tried focusing on getting in and out, ignoring any remarks made by Billy, calling him "Pretty boy" or "King Steve". He would playfully harp on his basketball skills, all the while staring at him with those loudly blue eyes. Steve felt Billy's eyes on him whenever he showered, and couldn't believe that it actually didn't make him uncomfortable like he had right after the quarry.

No, much like the looks he got from Billy in class, or locking eyes in the parking lot, this brought those strange twisting excited feelings that seemed to be buzzing through his whole body. Just the other day he had to focus as hard as he could to make the first few twitches of an erection starting when his eyes happened to linger over Billy's body beneath the falling water beside him one day. Quickly cutting the water off, not even bothering to soap up, he blocked out whatever recent Tommy H gossip he was listening to and march to his lockers to grab his clothes. While changing, he stared and saw Billy watching him, a faint look of amusement over his eyes, actually enjoying this. Then the night at the gym after practice, and so Billy confronted him in the side alley next to the gym. They talked, and finally Steve agreed to see him again. They arranged tonight, and after Steve gave Billy his number and address, he saw that same childish glee flicker in his eyes as he smiled and wagged his tongue at him. "I'll see you tonight then pretty boy." With that he turned and walked to his car just as Max was wheeling on over to his car. Watching, Steve couldn't believe how natural this actually felt. Sure it was absolutely terrifying, but he felt as if this somehow came easier than it had all those times before with these stupid Hawkins High girls. Tonight for the first time in what seemed like forever, he was actually really nervous. Yet, this was a different kind of nervous...this was as much as he hated to admit it...pure excitement. Walking over, he took one last glance over his shoulder at his house, before turning and opening the passenger side door. The music blasted out, as did the scent of pine tree air freshener and cologne.

Feeling the warmth from the heater, he smiled before climbing in. Billy was sitting behind the wheel wearing what he believed was the same exact outfit he had on the night he kicked his ass at Will and Jonathan's. He had on an open wine red shirt, completely unbuttoned despite the freezing cold outside. He also had on tight blue jeans, and

a brown leather jacket. He was smoking a cigarette before smiling and putting it out in the ashtray. The second Steve sat back in the black leather seat, he looked over at Billy who reached and turned the volume down on the radio slightly.

"Hey there."

Steve felt his stomach again get that strange feeling as he stared at Billy. For just a fraction of a second, Steve thought back to that night after practice in the gym. Ripping those images away, Steve felt his cheeks blush, and instantly felt embarrassed. Trying his hardest to play it cool, he smirked and locked eyes with Billy. Finding himself at a loss of words, he let out a deep breath.

"Hey."

Billy grinned, almost as if he had been reading his mind.

"Let's go Harrington."

With that, he put his car in gear, and laid on the gas. The sound of the tires burning rubber was faintly heard over the music and roar of the engine. Speeding out down the dark road, headlights cutting through the darkness, Steve glanced and saw that Billy was nearly going eighty. Feeling Billy's eyes on him, he glanced over for a second and found him staring right back at him. Quickly looking away, he heard Billy chuckle as he drummed his fingers against the steering wheel.

"Don't worry princess, I won't kill us."

Steve let out a half nervous laugh, before Billy took the next turn. Feeling his stomach flip by the sensation of sitting at this speed, he watched the trees on each side of the dark back road rush past them in the darkness. Sitting there, Steve tried to think of something to say next, but instead Billy spoke again.

"I'm gonna swing by the mini-mart. I got a connection with the dude who works nights and score us a six-pack, sound good?"

Steve glanced at him before shrugging, trying so hard to just play it cool.

"Yeah sure man whatever..."

He heard Billy chuckle again. The Camaro continued to speed down the road before Steve saw the lights of the mini-mart sign ahead. This was the store closest to his house where he usually grabbed a soda on the way back home from school. Billy shifted gears, and Steve stole another glance in his direction. He honestly couldn't believe how smooth of a driver Billy was. He sat back relaxed, one hand draped over the wheel, the other lightly tapping at the thigh of his jeans. Finding himself smiling, he watched as Billy pulled behind the mini-mart and parked. Killing the engine, the music cut out before Billy reached in his leather jacket and produced a ten dollar, and five dollar bill. Handing the money over, Steve stared at the two bills confused.

"What?"

Billy smirked.

"I'm going around front to grab a pack of smokes from the chick who works the register, the guy who stocks the shelves will see me and knew to go around back and meet us here with the beer, if he comes out before I come back just give him the money."

Steve nodded taking the money before lifting himself up to grab his wallet in his back pocket.

"Let me split it with you at least..."

Before he could tug his wallet out, Billy's warm hand rested against his arm.

"Don't sweat it princess, my treat."

Steve looked back in his direction to be greeted by Billy smiling, before tapping him a wink. Just like that, Billy opened his door, letting in cold night air.

"Be right back..."

He slammed the door, and Steve watched him disappear around the building from the rearview mirror. Alone now, Steve felt his heart

begin to hammer in his chest. He honestly didn't know what Billy had in store for them tonight, but he had a strong feeling something was gonna happen, and in all honesty, Steve was more than a little excited to see what. Breathing deeply, he rubbed his sweaty palms against his jeans, still holding the crumpled money.

"Get it together Steve...come on now."

He said to himself. Breaking him out of his thoughts just seconds later was the sound of the rear door near the dumpster open up, revealing the stock boy holding a six pack, and carefully looking around. Nodding, Steve opened his door, before standing up, feeling the cold bite against his skin. Nodding to the guy over the roof of the car, he circled around and handed the money over.

"Here you go man."

"Thanks, have a good night!"

Steve took the beer and thanked him, before the guy went back inside closing the door behind him. Walking back around the car, he opened his door, and leaned in playing the six pack onto the floor. That's when he heard his name and froze.

"Harrington?"

Steve felt a cold bucket of shock hit him, before standing back up and turning. Walking in his direction was Tommy H and Carol. Both had winter jackets on, Tommy's arm around Carol's shoulders, and both walking a little funny. Instantly Steve knew they must have been sampling from Tommy's flask. Knowing he wasn't in the mood for Tommy's bullshit, he sighed remembering in the front parking-lot to this very store Tommy and his friendship in an unspoken way officially ended after that big fight with Jonathan. Sure they still hung out, and ran in the same circles, but ever since that night things seemed different between Tommy and him. Constantly Tommy ragged on him following the whole breakup with Nancy, and now her going with Jonathan. He poked fun at Steve, and seemed to start worshipping Billy the second he arrived at Hawkins High. Steve had taken notice that Billy seemed more annoyed than anything else whenever Tommy tried to leech onto him, as if life depended on

being friends with the new "king" of Hawkins High.

Still, they had some classes together, and both kept it friendly, but it honestly had never been the same. Seeing them walk over, he knew Carol's big mouth would result in everyone knowing she saw Steve Harrington and Billy Hargrove hanging out together. Steve took a deep breath and tried to play it cool shoving his freezing hands into his pockets.

"Hey guys." Tommy approached him, before looking confused.

"You hanging with Hargrove?! I thought you two hated each other?!"

Steve shrugged.

"Hey man, life is too hard to stay angry. What are you two up to?"

He wanted them gone right away, praying they were going to say they were on their way downtown or something. He knew this looked completely innocent, but he was completely sure somehow everyone might know the hidden agenda that Billy might have for Steve tonight. Suddenly it felt eighty degrees and Steve broke into a cold sweat as Tommy rambled onto that Tina, his sister was having a little get-together at his house since his parents were out of town again. Steve knew what was coming next, and used everything inside of him not to roll his eyes in annoyance when Tommy spoke.

"Dude, you should swing by with Hargrove, we're planning on doing shots."

Steve knew if he had run into Tommy alone, there wouldn't have been any invitation, which would have been just fine for him. Shrugging Steve stood back.

"I don't know man, maybe I'll see."

Carol glared at Steve, before smiling.

"Hey, you got a prom date yet Steve?"

Steve glanced over, trying not to show how he really felt.

"Not yet Carol, but it's still early."

Carol giggled, squeezing Tommy's waist.

"Maybe you can third wheel with Jonathan and Nancy. Jessica said they look awful cozy lately. Might be fun...three is a crowd."

Before Steve could say anything, Billy's low voice broke through the night air causing him to jump.

"What the fuck did you just say bitch?!"

Steve turned his head and saw Billy approaching, eyebrows drawn down, nostrils flaring as he marched over. Instantly Tommy's face dropped, letting go of Carol and taking a step forward.

"Hey man..."

Billy walked over and stood less than an inch away from Tommy. Being about an inch or so taller than him, he glared down at Tommy, and Steve watched as Tommy lost his nerve. Instantly Tommy dropped his eyes, before giving a small nervous laugh.

"She was just joking..."

Billy continued glaring down at Tommy, before finally Carol hurried over, grabbing his arm. Pulling him back, Steve saw she looked scared.

"Tommy come on..."

"Better get that bitch of yours a leash."

Tommy stared up surprised, before Carol tugged him away again.

"Come on!"

Before Tommy stepped back, Billy tilted his head and stared down at Tommy, locking eyes with him.

"If you bust Harrington's balls again one more time and I hear about it...you're history. Got it?"

Tommy just stared up, looking ten times paler than usual, showing his freckles that were scattered over his face. Billy stepped closer, now almost nose to nose with him.

"I didn't hear you."

Tommy gulped and dropped his eyes.

"Yeah okay fine...sure whatever Hargrove, sorry..."

Billy wouldn't let up, instead he nudged Tommy's sneaker with his boot, enjoying that he was scaring the ever living shit out of him.

"Don't say sorry to me...say it to him."

Tommy glanced up at Steve who watched in awe behind them for just a fraction of a second. He looked not only humiliated, but a completely beaten down little kid who got caught being a bully. Seeing this in Tommy's eyes brought a small smug sense of satisfaction to Steve. Saying nothing, Steve shrugged wanting this to just be over. Billy then shifted his eyes to Carol who looked just as scared.

"And you?"

"Sorry Steve...come on Tommy let's go!"

Carol quickly said before pulling on Tommy's arm, practically dragged him past Billy. Looking over his shoulder, Billy smirked as Tommy and Carol hurried away. Once they were gone from around the building, Billy turned and stared at Tommy.

"You okay?"

Steve glanced in the direction that Tommy and Carol went and suddenly felt a strange anxious feeling overtake him. Sighing, he shook his head feeling more than a little embarrassed. Rolling his eyes, he shrugged.

"Yeah, sorry about that."

Billy took a cigarette from his newly bought pack, before grabbing

his zippo lighter.

"They are nothing but small town assholes. Don't sweat it Harrington. Don't worry, they won't say shit anymore."

Steve suddenly felt at a loss for words. Sighing, he nervously chewed on his bottom lip, before nodding.

"Yeah, thanks for that."

Billy tapped him a wink before going around the car and opening his door. It took Steve a second before he got his bearings, and opened up his door and climbed inside. Billy started the engine up with a roar, before backing up, and speeding down the road. Steve sat back, the beer by his feet, as he listened to a Poison song blast from the stereo. Glancing over at Billy, he so badly wanted to say something. Would Tommy and Carol say anything? Did they know something was going on? No, he didn't think so. He thought back on the scared look that filled Tommy and Carol's eyes, and had to smile. He actually felt pretty good right now and had a feeling the constant ragging on, mostly about Nancy and Jonathan was officially over now.

If there was one thing Billy had proved in these past few months at school...nobody messed with him. Hell, Steve himself had even learned that. Just a few months ago he was at Will and Jonathan's house, laying flat on his back, getting absolutely destroyed by Billy's large rock iron fists, sending white hot splintering shards of pain into him before everything became black. Now, here he was sitting next to the same Billy Hargrove who nearly beat him to death. Sitting and driving around with Billy scoring beer like a couple of old pals. Just back there Billy had stood up for him, and during these last few extremely hard and confusing months, this made him feel wonderful.

Billy took the car down another back farm road, before rolling to a stop on the side of the road. Keeping the engine going for the heat, Billy took a long drag of his smoke.

"This road is closed, nice place to chill and have a few beers without that asshole chief of police running into us."

Steve smirked thinking of Hopper, before Billy reached down and snapped off two cans from the plastic rings. Setting his down between them, he cracked Steve's and handed it to him. Steve took it and smiled.

"Thanks..."

Billy grunted and snapped open his can before taking a big chug. Glancing over him, Steve knew it was now or never.

"Hey Billy...listen...thanks for that back there...really."

Billy gave him a slightly amused look back, nursing his beer, before Steve stared forward knowing he didn't have the guts to really say this looking at him.

"Listen, I know a lot has happened lately...and I think it's clear I'm pretty over my head here in some uncharted waters...but whatever this...is...with us...I like it. I really do."

"Steve?"

Steve glanced over, before Billy grabbed his beer from his hand, and smiled before pressing the button down between them and tossing Steve's still filled can out along with his own. A brief blast of cold air whirled in the car for a second, before Billy put the window back up. Steve stared at him completely puzzled.

"What was that for?"

"So I could do this..."

Before Steve could even think, Billy's hands firmly grasped him by the sides of his face, roughly pulling him forward and plunging his mouth against his in complete and utter surprise. Eyes widening, Steve tasted beer and cigarettes, before suddenly Billy's warm tongue snaked inside his mouth, darting and devouring. Feeling goosebumps break out all over, Steve threw caution to the wind, and responded, wrapping his arms around Billy, and pulling him towards him, hands grasping onto his leather jacket so fierce, they appeared to never want to let go.

Present.

Steve returned home before either of his parents were up. Parking, he carefully got inside and hurried up to his room. Thinking of tonight, he smiled before shuffling to his bathroom to take a nice long shower and relax before his shift started at the mall. Still feeling sore from last night, he briefly thought back to being in Billy's tight backseat. Visions of him flashed before his eyes as Steve smiled and slowly stripped off his clothes. Turning the water on, he tilted his head back, and instantly felt relaxed as the water rolled down his body. Thinking of that weekend at the motel, he wished more than anything that Billy was in here with him right now.

Pressing his open palms against the tile walls, he hung his head down before smiling.

It was at that exact moment that Steve knew that Billy Hargrove had become his soulmate.

The only tragic thing was...he had no idea what little time they had together left.

7. Chapter 7

Present

Billy walked out of his bathroom, wearing nothing but a towel wrapped around his waist. His hair still dripping wet and curly from the shower, he walked barefoot across the hardwood floor of his room, and opened his door before heading towards the laundry room which held his clothes, including his swim trunks for work today. It was still early, but he had heard his dad and Susan leave for work while he was first starting up the shower. Grateful that his dad wasn't here to bust his balls over the smallest thing, he planned on taking a nice cool shower before changing for work, chugging a beer for breakfast, drop Max off at the arcade to see her stupid little friends, and then drive over to work. As always, he would bask in not just the sun, but the attention he always got from all the horny Hawkins' housewives. Steve had swung by during regular operating hours at the pool a total of three times so far this summer. Once was with a few friends of his that Billy recognized from school. One who's name Billy couldn't quite place, but knew from taking gym with him and Steve.

The other was Nick who played hockey, and had math with Billy. They had all arrived together, and Billy watched with a faint look of amusement watching from afar. He chuckled softly to himself, sitting on his chair watching the free swim hour. The entire time, he kept his eyes on Steve from beneath his sunglasses. His heart hammered in his chest the second he watched Steve strip his T-shirt off, revealing his slightly tanned skin. Billy absolutely loved Steve's body. He loved how his shoulders were slightly sunburned. He loved how soft and smooth Steve's body was, all the way down to his flat stomach, to his nice plump ass. Watching him peel his shirt off, and walk to the edge of the pool wearing his swim shorts. He enjoyed watching him slip into the cool water and paddle around, before laughing and horsing around and splashing with the other guys.

Afterwards, when his shift ended, he climbed down and switched with Heather, who had unsuccessfully been flirting with him since they started in early May. Circling around to the locker room, he saw

Steve and the kid named Nick toweling off, getting ready to leave. Billy strolled on by, and couldn't help but feel a small smile curl up over his face when he saw Steve's eyes follow him as he walked past him. That night Billy playfully teased Steve after sneaking through his bedroom window if bringing those two guys to the pool were supposed to make him jealous? Steve batted those long eyelashes, and tried to whole innocent doe eyed expression routine.

"What? Brian called me up and said him and Nick were headed on over to swim, I had the morning off...figured it was something to do."

Billy hiked himself up on his elbow, laying across from Steve in his bed. Chuckling softly, he shook his head.

"Ah Brian, so the other little Twink has a name..."

Steve rolled his eyes, before playfully hitting Billy's tanned muscular arm.

"Don't be a dick...besides, I wanted to see you. I overheard my mother talking to Vicky Gardenson's mom...guess you're the talk of the town. Half of the women in Hawkins all flock to the public pool for one reason and one reason only."

Billy chuckled, knowing very well his reputation over at the pool. Freddy, a fellow lifeguard had said during their break last week they outta keep a jar where all the lifeguards have to throw a dollar in every time some chick at the pool drooled anytime Billy walked out to sit at his station. Billy took it with good humor, and made a face at Steve.

"So, you liked what you saw?"

Steve laying his head against his propped up pillows laughed, before reaching forward and gently tugging on Billy's St. Christopher chain.

"Yeah...I guess I did. Felt pretty good about myself that it was because of my extremely hot boyfriend that half of the Hawkins female residents came to the pool. Felt pretty good."

Billy's eyes became cloudy, just as they did whenever Steve was really turning him on. Steve knew it drove him absolutely mad

whenever he referred to him as his "boyfriend." Steve smiled staring at him, before he stuck his lip out slightly.

"What's this? Billy Hargrove jealous?"

Billy's glare sharpened, and his voice dropped down to an extremely deep level as a partly serious and predator like expression flashed over him.

"Damn right, and don't you forget who you belong to."

Steve smiled, even though he knew Billy was completely serious. Reaching over, he brushed back a few fallen strands of Billy's hair, before deeply plunging his fingers into his hair, and scooted closer, closing his eyes and kissing him. Lucky for Steve, his parents were out with family friends for dinner that night, and didn't hear the heavy petting that Steve had started. The only other two times so far this summer that Steve had been able to swing by the pool was one time with his cousin visiting for the weekend from Chicago. When Billy walked over in his red shorts, heading to the locker rooms, Steve's cousin Bonnie grinned, lowering her sunglasses. Billy decided to walk over and pretend to flirt with her, asking why he hadn't seen her beautiful face before at the pool? Steve who was squirting suntan lotion between his hands and rub his arms, glanced up and smirked from the chairs they were sitting on.

"I'm from Chicago...just visiting my cousin."

Billy stuck a piece of gum in his mouth before chuckling and motioned over to Steve.

"Harrington is you're cousin, man am I sorry."

Bonnie giggled, loving the attention as Steve rolled his eyes. Billy smiled, before cocking his head down at Bonnie.

"Well, I guess I'll see you later..."

With that he winked, before strolling back inside. Instantly, Bonnie turned, practically hearts floating in her eyes.

"Who is THAT?!"

Steve glanced over his shoulder, seeing Billy head inside, and smirked.

"Just some asshole from school."

The next day after Bonnie was being driven to the airport by his father, Steve swung by the pool alone, and approached Billy who had just opened up and currently stocking up the weights for today. When Steve strolled in, Billy actually looked surprised. His manager wasn't even here yet, and besides a few old ladies outside setting up under the umbrellas, nobody had shown up yet, not even his four and five year old swim class were due to arrive for another half an hour. Seeing Steve just walk in suddenly, his eyes widened in disbelief, and that stupid light headed feeling overcame him. Steve looked absolutely adorable wearing his Scoops Ahoy blue uniform, minus the stupid hat. No, instead his beautiful thick hair was flopped over in waves, and Billy felt himself harden from within his swim trunks.

"Harrington?"

Steve smirked.

"Um...I think I forgot my sunglasses, you got a lost and found around here?"

With that, Billy looked around and saw that nobody was around.

"Yeah, follow me..."

Steve smirked as they walked, before heading out the door and taking a sharp left to the chemical closet. The strong of chlorine filled the air, as Billy opened the gate door that led them inside the dim lit closet. Before Steve knew it, hands were all over him, and by the time he left, walking to the parking-lot, he had a huge stupid grin over his face, and his hair was a complete mess. Thinking of those times, Billy reached the dryer, and opened it taking out his still warm dried clothes. He had only seen Steve at work once, when he took Max to the Starcourt Mall parking-lot to give Max an hour of their beyond secret "driving lessons." This had started in late spring when things had really begun to heat up between Steve and him. Billy figured he just decided to offer them as a small attempt to bond with

Max. Ever since last November, they had called a truce between the two of them, and as much as they still argued, and annoyed each other, Billy had laid off, much due to Steve urging him to. There were times Max could actually be a halfway decent little shit, instead of the annoying little weight Neil had placed on his shoulders. Billy knew she had meant business the night of him and Steve's huge fight. He figured he finally decided to let go of this constant anger, and finally forgive Max once and for all.

He had made her suffer for way too long, and tried attempting in having somewhat of a relationship with Max before he left Hawkins for good. He knew college wasn't in his future whatsoever. Instead, Neil said he could have until before the holidays before he was out on his ass. He constantly hassled Billy on not getting a "real" job, and as of recently his temper had been ten times worse. Still, Billy had found happiness for what he truly believed the first time since he was just a kid with Steve, and none of the hits, slaps, whacks, punches, or screams from Neil could ruin that. Following the night of the big fight, Billy had noticed a few tiny little dings on the driver's side of his car, but buffed them out himself without saying so much as one word to Max. It wasn't until Steve and him stared up, that he got the whole story, and honestly couldn't believe it.

"I was pretty out of it after you kicked the ever living shit out of me, but she seemed to actually know what she was doing..."

Steve had remarked to Billy one night as they shared a few beers and talked about that "night". Amused, Billy remembered the one driving lesson he gave Max before everything went to Hell back in California. It really hadn't been anything, but he noticed that Max actually wasn't that bad. Sure she had to pull the seat nearly all the way up, but she actually had listened to him as he instructed her on what exactly to do. Since then, Billy had casual asked Max one day after picking her up from the arcade if she wanted a few driving lessons this summer as long as she swore never to tell his dad or her mom since it would be his ass. He saw the stunned expression in Max's eyes, before Billy glanced over at her from behind his sunglasses as he drove down the road.

"Just figured you might as well learn how to drive without dinging up my bodywork again."

He caught Max smirking before she promised not to tell, and would love too. Since then, they met up a few times and he would take her to the Starcourt Mall on days he had off, and would sternly yet calmly instruct her on what to do. He hadn't shouted, or snapped once. Instead he told her step by step on how to start the car, shift it into gear, apply the gag, and let the car roll. Max as always did as she was told, and would carefully drive around the parking-lot for an hour or so. Billy just recently had shown her how to park. Billy knew it was stupid, but not that long ago, after a pretty successful lesson, he decided to casually ask if she wanted an ice cream cone?

Max lit up, and the two entered the mall. Billy had to bite the insides of his cheeks from smiling. Steve looked absolutely adorable in that stupid uniform, and stood behind the counter ringing out a few middle school aged kids. Once they were next in line, Billy grinned, as Steve's surprised expression said it all. Max smiled as she scanned the menu.

"Hi Steve! Can I have a strawberry plain in a sugar cone?"

Steve's eyes flickered up to Billy. Instantly Billy smirked as he leaned against the counter.

"Got anything cherry Harrington?"

Max was too busy looking through the glass window of the freezer to notice this remark. All she knew at that time was that Billy, much like her had some unspoken truce with Steve. Billy loved the shades of red Steve was turning, before he gulped, his Adam's apple bobbing, before he nervously nodded and looked down.

"Um...yeah sure."

Billy stood back, a sly fox like smile spreading over his face. He watched as Steve opened the freezer, making the ice cream, before making Billy a cherry flavored slush. The girl named Robin who worked with Steve was currently bringing in jars of new toppings, before she glanced in Billy's direction. Billy noticed that Robin seemed uninterested, before heading out back again. Steve walked over, handing Max her ice cream, and Billy his slush, before Billy laid down a five.

"Keep the charge Harrington..."

Max began to lick her ice cream, before Billy saw she wasn't looking and winked at Steve, causing a twitch of a smile appear over his face. Turning, he slowly licked the top of his slush, instantly turning his tongue a bright red, before he turned and followed his step-sister out of the store. Thinking back of all those times, Billy chuckled, and shook his head as he started to walk back to his room to charge. Just then Max ran into him, heading to the kitchen. Billy made a face.

"Watch it shitbird."

Max shot him a look, and for just a small fraction of a second, Billy thought he saw a strange expression overtake her face, before she lowered her eyes and kept her head down, going right into the kitchen to probably get some cereal. Billy raised an eyebrow looking at her, before shrugging and figured she was probably starting her period or something. Going into his bedroom, he dropped his towel, before he stepped into his swim trunks, and putting on his black tank top. Grabbing his gym bag, he tossed in some jeans and a T-shirt, before he went to the mirror to mess with his hair for the next ten minutes. He finally was happy with the result, and slipped on his flip-flops before heading out. Stopping in the kitchen doorway, he saw Max sitting at the table, a bowl of cereal before her half eaten, and a new teen magazine open.

"Shitbird, you want a ride someplace?"

Max looked up, and looked as if she hadn't heard right. Raising an eyebrow, she stared at him.

"Huh?" Billy felt annoyed and motioned to the window.

"Do you need a ride?"

"Um...no I'm probably just gonna skate to Dustin's..."

"You sure?"

Max nodded before Billy stared at her. He wasn't sure why she was acting so weird, before he rolled his eyes and dug into the side pocket of his gym bag where he usually kept spare change for the soda

machine at work. Grabbing two wrinkled dollar bills, he held them up.

"If you wanna grab something at the mini-mart."

He tossed the money to the counter. Every once in awhile depending of his mood, which wasn't the greatest often, Billy would toss Max a few bucks to use at the arcade or for snacks. It was his small attempt in being nice, and it usually went a long way with Max. Today, she seemed weird.

"Thanks..."

Billy smirked, before rolling his eyes again, and turned and headed towards the living room. Grabbing his keys, he left for the day all the while Max sat back completely stunned, wondering what on earth was Steve doing, climbing out of Billy's bedroom window?

Early February 1985

On a Thursday, right when gym class ended and everyone started walking in the direction of the showers, Jason from the basketball team turned towards at least seven of the guys who had been playing against each other. Jason smiled and held up a ring of keys. Steve who had been stopped raised an eyebrow.

"What are those?" Jason grinned and gave the keys a gentle shake.

"Coach lent me his keys to the gym, is allowing me to use the place the next couple of nights to practice before the big playoff next month. I was thinking, how about all eight of us meet up here around...nine to "practice" anyone asks, but in actuality how about me have a friendly little contest. Myself, Harrington, Hargrove, and McNeil on one team, and Hawthorn, Swan, Anderson, and Miller are on the other. How about...twenty bucks a man, winning team gets all for say...an hour game. Who's in?"

When Jason listed off Hargrove, Steve had quickly glanced in Billy's direction. Ever since the night of the quarry he had been avoiding Billy like the plague. He hated to admit it, but believed the real reason he felt complete and utter panic whenever he caught Billy

staring in his direction was the fact that kissing him had actually felt good. Still so confused, he hated to admit he had caught himself closely watching Billy whenever they played against each other, or whenever they showered in the locker rooms, as well as the classes they shared. As always he would find Billy staring, that scary hunger look in his eyes, and Steve would rip his gaze away, and feel his heart hammer as his stomach twisted and became cold. Gym was the absolute worse. Billy playfully teased Steve whenever they played against each other, stealing shots, and dribbling shots as his body occasionally rubbed up against his.

In the locker room he taught himself to have tunnel vision as much as possible. Still, things hadn't seemed to improve. Billy acted as if nothing was wrong, talking with him, and teasing in a playful way as they played for that class period. Just today Steve had accidentally tripped twice on the highly polished floor when he found his attention laying on Billy's tanned and firm muscles flex and bulge. Glancing at Billy, he saw he was glancing back in his direction and smirking. Looking back at Jason, he shrugged.

"You sure we won't get busted?"

Jason shook his head.

"Coach gave me the keys, if anyone asks we're practicing. No problem."

The guys all started to chime in to say they were in. When Billy nodded saying sure, Steve suddenly felt giddy and more than a little nervous to see him again. His mind weighed back on that night of the quarry, and how completely shit scared he had been in the weeks that followed. It was so wrong, yet it was truly the first time ever that Steve truly felt alive. He had told his parents he was meeting up with a couple of the guys to play ball after dinner. His father, who had become quite moody as of lately simply ignored him reading the paper at the table, while his mother simply told him to be careful driving since the roads were getting icy.

Grabbing his gym bag, he arrived at Hawkins High that night, parking right beside Billy's blue Camaro. He found the gym lights on, and the front doors unlocked. He heard the echoes of sneakered feet,

and basketballs being dribbled and bounced around. All of the guys had arrived besides Philip Swann who Steve had known since grade school and was a pretty decent ball player. Tommy H, and Jason spotted him and waved before calling out...

"Come on Harrington!"

He spotted Billy, wearing nothing but those green tight gym shorts. It was heated in the gym, and despite how freezing cold the weather was outside, he had all ready worked up a pretty good sweat by playing with the other guys. Steve smirked, raised his hand to the guys and show them he was going to change. He caught Billy staring, and suddenly he felt both nervous as well as more than a little turned on. He briskly went to the locker room, changed into his shorts, and walked out allowing himself to be bare chested. He was nowhere near having the kind of body Billy had, but he peeled his shirt off without so much as another thought before heading out. He saw Billy looking, and the flicker in his eyes told Steve that he was enjoying the view quite well. By then Philip had arrived, and all of the guys pooled their money and began to play. Billy was on the same team as Steve, and even while they huddled, and played against each other, Steve tried his hardest to focus, and actually play good ball. This small voice whispered that he wanted to show off to Billy, and actually play a good game with him.

In the end, he actually played really great, getting a little confidence back. He scored two shots and even in the heat of the moment laughed and high fived Billy who seemed just as excited. By the end of the hour they ended up winning, and the four of them split the money with now forty bucks given to each one of them. That's when he saw Billy staring at him as the guys changed, and he asked casually to Jason if it was okay if he grabbed a quick shower here before heading home. Jason shrugged and tossed him the keys.

"Sure man, just give me the keys tomorrow and remember to shit the lights off and lock up."

"Yeah sure thanks..."

Jason was the last to leave out of the other guys. He waved to Billy who appeared to be digging his clothes out of his gym bag.

"See you tomorrow Hargrove."

Billy nodded in his direction, his earring dangling as he pulled out his clothes.

"Sounds good man."

Jason left, and thirty seconds later they heard the front door open and close, leaving the two of them all alone in complete silence. Steve waited a second, before his heart began to start pounding. Looking up, he saw Billy had decided to stay and shower as well. He saw his naked body beneath the showers, his back facing him as the hot steaming water poured over his tanned firm body. Steve took a deep breath, and for just a brief second was tempted to just drop the keys and run. Instead his eyes lingered on Billy's ass, and he began to undress, almost as if he was in a complete and total trance. Joining Billy, he kept his eyes straight ahead, ignoring Billy's smirk as he stood beside him and turned on his own water.

"Hell of a game Harrington."

Steve closed his eyes for a second, standing beneath the pouring hot water.

"Yeah, right back at ya."

"I noticed you were planting your feet this time...perfect way to draw a charge."

Steve cracked open an eye, his hair now wet and slicked back, before he saw Billy staring at him, that same cloudy almost dragged expression settling over him. Steve took a second, before he stepped back a bit. His first impulse was to cover himself, or just turn and grab a towel. Here he was, at the gym, after hours, naked in the shower, with Billy Hargrove. He felt torn. One side of him wanted to just run, the other wanted to snap at him and tell him he wasn't queer. That he needed to stop being a creep and just leave him alone. Instead, he found all sounds starting to fade away as he stared, becoming lost in those cloudy looking eyes of Billy's, and swallowing hard. He remembered the night of the quarry, and how he saw fireworks when they kissed. Billy stepped closer to him. "Alone at

last." Steve glanced up with nervous eyes before Billy smiled, closely studying his face before he reached forward between Steve's legs, and wrapped his hand around Steve's penis. Giving it a firm squeeze, Steve nearly cried out. His breath stiffened, as his body grew still.

Suddenly the water pouring down on the two of them seemed much too hot. Steam floated in the air, as Billy's wet fist gently squeezed and released, squeezed and released, and squeezed and released. Steve felt himself instantly become hard, his cock growing rock hard within Billy's hand as it started giving slow steady strokes up and down. Steve opened his mouth to try and breathe, but instead a shaken breath escaped, as his mouth made a perfect "O" shape as his knees nearly gave out. Almost falling forward against Billy, he tried to plant his feet, as the building and tingling built as Billy's stroke began to quicken in pace. Billy helped with his other hand steady Steve's body, firmly holding up against him, his wet chest slick and pressing right against his.

"Come for me princess."

He whispered beneath the sound of the running water. Steve suddenly quivered, his eyes rolling back into his head as he felt himself climax hard right into Billy's hand, uttering a small cry. His head pounding, he emptied out, back arching slightly as he clutched against Billy's strong arms.

"Oh my God..."

He heard Billy chuckle against his neck, before pulling back. The water poured down on the two of them, causing Steve's bangs to hang in his face, as Billy's seemed to curl slightly in soft golden swoops against his forehead. Gazing into his eyes, he gulped again feeling himself go soft. Billy smiled, before Steve took a deep breath.

"Someone could..."

"Nobody is here princess I promise...now my turn."

Steve raised an eyebrow, slightly confused, before Billy gently pressed down against his shoulders. It took Steve a second, before he finally understood what Billy meant. He stared up at him with wide

doe eyes, frightened. Billy locked eyes with his, and suddenly Steve felt safe. Billy was calm, not cocky. He saw Steve was hesitant, and scared. He firmly took Steve by the shoulders, and brought him down to his knees. Steve knelt there, feeling the water gurgle from beneath him into the drains, as he blinked, tossing back some wet fallen hair that had gotten in his eyes and blinked. Staring up, he saw Billy stand before him, looking so level headed, so prepared, so massive. His penis was right there, surrounded by hair. It was partly hard, pre-cum collecting on the swollen tip. Steve took a deep breath, before he raised his eyes up at Billy, not looking sure.

Billy nodded down at him before reaching and taking hold of his penis.

"Don't worry, it will fit, just relax your throat."

Steve wasn't sure, but decided to just throw caution to the wind. Taking a deep breath, he stared at it and opened his mouth, and closed his eyes. For a second he felt his gag reflex kick in as Billy's warm and pulsing erection slid into his mouth. Knowing to be careful with teeth, he felt it slide all the way in, and tickled the back of his throat. He gagged and tried to whip his head back to breath. Instead, he felt Billy's hands plunge into his own wet hair, firmly holding him in place. Steve's eyes snapped open as his throat tickled again. Eyes watering, he made a half moan, showing Billy he couldn't do it nor breathe. Instead, Billy calmly stared down at him.

"Relax your throat and breathe through your nose."

Steve took a second, trying to pull his head back, desperate for air. Instead Billy firmly held him in black and suddenly bucked his hips forward, completely filling his mouth. Feeling the tip of Billy's penis touch the back of his throat, he fought his gag reflex, not wanting to embarrass himself. He took a deep breath through his nose, before staring up at Billy's calm eyes, and allowed himself to listen. He relaxed his throat, and suddenly it wasn't as uncomfortable.

He took the full length of Billy, before staring up. Slowly he started to think of all the times he was on the other side of this, and tried to remember the things that always drove him crazy. Trying to relax his throat, he started moving his head back and forth now with more

movement beneath Billy's hands. He worked his lips, rolling them up and down Billy's shaft, tasting the salty pre-cum, as Billy began bucking his hips forward. Steve kept keeping his teeth off, and felt the pressure of Billy's hands, before he heard Billy from beneath the running water start to mutter...

"I'm gonna come...I'm gonna come...oh Jesus I'm gonna come..."

With that, Steve had no warning at all when suddenly Billy's penis twitched inside his wet tight mouth and climaxed. Long ropy strings of cum dripped and bubbled up from Steve's throat and partly out his mouth dribbling down his chin. Billy's hands remained firm against his skull, and wouldn't allow Steve to pull back and spit. Instead, he knew exactly what Billy wanted. He wanted him to swallow...to taste him. Eyes watering, he relaxed his throat one last time, and swallowed as much back as he could. Billy pulled back, penis hanging back down between his legs, as Steve took a second, allowing himself to breathe better before wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. He swallowed once more, and finally his mouth was his own again. Steve suddenly felt light headed. He knelt there. for another second when Billy offered his hand. Looking at it unsure, he hesitated, before taking it and allowed himself to be pulled back up to a standing position.

He stood there, water splashing down on him, before Billy smiled.

"Now...how was that princess?"

Steve stared at him, before Billy smiled and stepped forward, wet hair hanging down around his face. Cocking his head to the side, he smiled.

"So...how did that feel Harrington?"

Steve suddenly felt very exposed, as if they had performed these acts right downtown, out in the open with the whole town watching. How could he ever come back to this locker room knowing what Billy Hargrove and himself did here?! Staring at Billy, he nervously chewed his lip. Switching the water off, he stood back dripping.

"I gotta go..."

Billy rolled his eyes.

"Don't sweat it princess, I'm not gonna tell anyone. I have just as much to lose than you."

Steve stepped back, and grabbed a towel. Quickly wrapping it around his waist, he shook his head and went straight to his gym bag to grab his clothes.

"We shouldn't have done that..."

He muttered, before not even bothering with his jeans, instead he grabbed a pair of sweatpants and pulled them on, his skin still wet and undried. He heard the water stop, and within seconds that warm breath went against his neck, causing him to stop, feeling all the tiny hairs on the back of his neck stand up.

"You can't tell me that didn't feel good?"

Steve took a second, never wanting more than to turn around and plunge his mouth against his and just forget about the world for a little while. Instead panic kicked in, and he grabbed his T-shirt and pulled it on before grabbing his jacket. Nearly dropping his bag he struggled to zip it, before Billy continued watching him, still partly amused.

"I...gotta go..."

With that he grabbed the last of his things, and plowed out without saying so much as another word. Billy continued to watch him, before he went through the wooden door to the gym, and shrugged on his jacket. Walking outside the bitter harsh wind nipped at his face, and freezing and hardening his still wet hair. Hurrying to his car, he almost dropped the keys again, before he unlocked the door and threw himself in. Feeling his hands shake, he fixed the rearview mirror, before backing up and peeling out of the parking-lot like the devil himself was chasing him.

The next day...

Steve dreaded school after what happened, but he knew even if he faked sick or skipped, he would eventually have to go back sooner or

later. So, instead he dressed, fixed his hair, and drove to school. Parking, he knew this morning he had a study period and was planning on just hiding out there pretending to study for yet another English test. Walking, wearing his winter vest, his bag swung over one shoulder, he snaked between the gym and the health building to take a shortcut in going to the library. With the cold weather there was hardly anybody outside, and between both buildings he currently didn't see anyone. Walking with purpose. he headed between the two buildings when he heard that same deep voice that caused his skin to crawl and quiver whenever he heard it. This time it came from behind him, calling after him.

"Hey Harrington!"

Steve froze, before turning around and seeing Billy. He was wearing his brown leather jacket and strolled on over, his eyes looking bright blue today in the cold.

"Hey..."

Steve said, feeling a strange knot in his stomach. Billy approached him, before he cocked his head to the side and spoke softly.

"I wanted to tell you how much fun I had last night but you really booked it out of there."

Suddenly Steve felt his cheeks burn. He nervously looked over Billy's shoulder waiting for anyone to walk over and see them. Somehow just standing there alone with Billy made Steve feel exposed and guilty. As if anyone just walking by would instantly knew the things they did inside the showers last night. Dropping his eyes, he sighed, really not in the mood.

"Hey man listen..."

Billy's playful glimmer in his eyes faded and Steve saw his eyes darken as his expression became serious.

"Listen, I get it if you want me to screw off...trust me I can take a hint...but I think we call a spade a spade and admit to the fact that last night fucking felt amazing."

Steve continued looking around, waiting for any second for anyone to see them. His heart began to hammer.

"Billy listen...I really don't..."

Billy sighed, shoving his hands in the pockets of his jacket.

"Listen, how about...I pick you up tonight and we do for a drive and grab a few beers and just talk."

Steve raised an eyebrow.

"Talk?"

Billy smirked.

"Yeah. If you still feel weirded out...I'll leave you alone. Let's just...go for a drive, I'll pick you up?"

Steve wanted to make some excuse and say no, instead he slowly lifted his big doe brown eyes and locked with Billy's. Unable to help it, he smirked himself. Billy caught this, and chuckled lightly.

"Okay Hargrove you win. But we're just talking."

Billy smiled.

"Absolutely princess..."

He dug in his pocket and produced a pen that Steve figured he carried from class to class. It was a rare sight to actually see Billy carrying any books around let alone a book bag. He turned it over to Steve.

"Give me your number and address. I'll pick you up say eight o'clock?"

Steve nodded, taking the pen before Billy opened up his large palm for Steve to write on. Steve smirked before he leaned down and began to write. He felt Billy's eyes on him the entire time, and couldn't believe the sparks that were surging through his body as he gently wrote against Billy's warm skin. Once he finished, he looked

up and was greeted by Billy closely watching him. Feeling more scared than ever, Steve handed the pen back.

"I'll see you tonight."

Billy smiled staring.

"Looking forward to it princess."

Steve gulped, before he turned away and continued headed to the library. That's when he felt it, slowly spreading across his face.

A smile.

Present.

It had been a long day at the pool. Billy had taught three swim classes in a row since Freddy called out. He then spent another hour unloading the latest shipment of pool chemicals, before stocking the shelves. He smoked a cigarette on his break, before spotting a few people that wanted to lift weights before lifting a few himself. Afterwards Adam, Zoe, Katie, Heather, and himself sat through an hour training from their manager on new safety rescue swims the district had wanted all the local lifeguards to know. As always Billy sat back rolling his eyes beneath his sunglasses, thinking how stupid it was that these assholes pretended that this thirty foot pool was like fucking ocean or something.

Once that was finished everyone left and tonight was Billy's turn to lock up the pool, turn the pumps off, and clean up before leaving. He had arranged this so he could be alone for a little bit with Steve, and have the whole place to themselves. In another day Steve's parents would be gone on their trip, and that meant he could actually maybe spend a weekend in private doing absolutely whatever he wanted to Steve without any interruption. He had missed Steve today, even though he wouldn't admit it. He enjoyed his work at the pool since it was truly easy enough, and the only place he could work on his tan. The money wasn't great, but Billy sold a little pot on the side, and had been saving up. Plus, if everything went according to plan, he would have more than enough to leave with shit town by September. He had been planning this ever since it was certain he was

completely and hopelessly in love with Steve.

At first he was afraid that somebody like him was falling this fast, but he wasn't about to let this shit town be was reason that someday Steve might get a chance to leave and completely forget about him. Well Billy wasn't about to let this happen. He loved him way too much, and was actually scared of getting this too attached. Still, ever since Steve didn't leave for school, and constantly getting into arguments with that asshole of an old man like him, Billy could see the odds actually working out in his favor. Steve didn't need to know the details, and once they had enough money, he would take him to the West Coast and together they could maybe have a future together. He timed to happen in early July, right before the 4th. That way that left him enough time to convince Steve to leave with him, and have more than enough money stocked up. He couldn't wait to get away from that asshole Neil, and hated to admit it but he figured he would miss Max a little bit. Maybe when she was old enough to drive he could meet her someplace and see her once and awhile. He wasn't exactly sure, but he was certain he could figure something out. He was going to do whatever he could to try and have a happy future with his boyfriend, even if that meant leaving everything behind.

Still, to him the only thing that worth living for in this shitty little town was Steve, and if he convinced him to go with him, there wouldn't be any turning back or regrets ever again. Steve meant everything to him, and he was going to fight as hard as he could to run away with him. In the first half an hour after everyone left he went about locking up, and cleaning the pool. It was dark out now, and he finished breaking down a few cardboard boxes that had held some chemicals from earlier. He had the radio on, blasting some rock station. He wasn't expected home since he had mentioned to Susan the morning before that he was working late and wouldn't be home for dinner. Susan said she would make him a plate in case he got hungry. Billy was left mostly to do what he pleased, as long as his chores were done and he roughly knew where Max was, and would be her ride whenever she needed it. Neil didn't really give two shits about him, as long as he did what he was told, and didn't get in his way. Sure there were a few remarks whenever he would walk in late, mostly from his chair in the living room, beer in hand, and a football game playing. It was either something sarcastic comment about the

pool, or whatever he was wearing. To Neil, his son was nothing but a loser, a waste of space, a pussy, and a constant reminder of his first marriage. He knew what he was, and had simply told Billy if he ever acted like that again, embarrassing him under his roof, he would simply kill him. He always belittled him whenever he could, using that against him, and was planning on throwing him out as soon as he could. He knew he could never work hard like him, or have a family. No, Billy was just a lazy waste of space with a bad attitude. All he cared about was that stupid car, and how he looked.

He saw Billy as a punk, and didn't care if he lived or died...as long as he was respectful and responsible. To Neil that's all that mattered. Billy knew how his father felt about him, and how ashamed and embarrassed he was of him. He truly believed if Neil knew he could get away with it, he would absolutely kill him. After one too many broken bones, and bruises, Billy was ready to leave and never look back. Tonight he just wanted to forget about everything and just share an hour with his boyfriend. He heard footsteps, and turned as he tosses the last piece of cardboard away just as Steve strolled in, still wearing that fucking uniform from the ice cream shop. Billy loved how he looked in it, and seeing him dressed head to toe in blue, he smiled and turned, hooking his thumbs into the arm holes of the wife beater he was wearing, and pulled it forward, stretching the material as he smiled.

"Hey princess."

Steve smiled and motioned behind him.

"I locked the gate behind me like you said."

Billy smiled as he stepped forward, tilting his head to the side as he went in to kiss him.

"Good, now there's no chance that we'll be interrupted...how are you baby?"

Steve smiled as his soft plump lips touched Billy's. Both closed their eyes as their mouths mashed against each other, Billy deeply kissing him, plunging his hands through that thick wild hair of his, tongue plunging in, and tasting him. Finally the kiss broke, and both stared

at each other, lips tender, and faces flushed.

"Very good..."

Billy reached forward, and firmly cupped the bulge that was forming in Steve's blue shorts. He gave it a tight squeeze. Steve stiffened against Billy, who closely studied his reaction, loving having this kind of power over him. He then whispered in his deep voice.

"Are you ready for our workout?"

Steve smirked, turning his head and looking at Billy with his big brown eyes.

"What if I'm sore?"

Billy smiled, before closely staring at him.

"Tough princess..."

Steve chuckled, before Billy slipped his arm around him, nuzzling his neck, and bringing him into the locker rooms.

Later...

The radio was still blasting rock music, as over in the physical therapy part of the locker room, just left from the weights and sauna was the hot tub. Billy had turned it on full blast, before stripping with Steve and climbing into the hot bubbling water. Now less than twenty minutes later, Steve's loud moans floated just under the music, as well as the steady sound of slapping skin, lapping water, and Billy's low steady grunts. He had Steve bent over, having him hang partly off the edge of the hot tub, his arms dangling. Billy had mounted him, as had held onto his hips, bucking his own as he thrust inside of him. Steve had still been tense, even after Billy worked on loosening him up.

He muffled as he entered him, feeling his body stiffen, as he cried out, taking deep breaths. Rubbing his large hands over the bumps of Steve's back, he leaned down, whispering to Steve that it was okay, to just lay still. Now he was working up what felt like a pretty hard climax as he drove himself into Steve over and over again. His wet

hair hanging down, Billy bit down on his bottom lip before feeling himself ready to let go. Leaning down against Steve's plump ass, he wrapped his arms tightly around him and cried out. Instantly a hot surging warmth came from him, emptying out inside Steve. He strained, feeling himself get light headed, as he bucked his hips one last time, before pulling out. Steve let out a deep breath, before Billy hung against him, laying his head against his back, and kissing his wet skin.

"How was that princess?"

Steve took deep breaths before lightly laughing.

"Hargrove, you'll be the death of me."

With that Billy laughed, kissing him again.

Later...

Billy and Steve walked out of the pool, their hair wet, and now back in their clothes. Billy had his gym bag swung over one arm, the other around Steve's waist. Once they reached the dark parking-lot, and approached their cars, Steve turned smiling, facing him and looking him in the eye.

"Well, I'm going home to go ice my ass."

Billy laughed, before Steve smiled and shook his head.

"Tomorrow night? Six okay?"

"Perfect...I'm telling Neil I'm going camping with a few buddies."

Steve grinned.

"Well my parents will be gone around two. I got the next few days off, so we'll score some beer, and try and figure out a way to keep cool in this heat."

Billy laughed again, his hand squeezing Steve's.

"Wanna stay cool huh princess?"

"Yeah, any ideas?" "I'm sure I have a few..."

Billy playfully nipped at Steve's neck causing him to laugh before Billy winked at him.

"I'll see you tomorrow."

"See you."

Billy winked at Steve before they climbed into each other's cars, and pulled out one after another. Both having absolutely no idea that Max had been watching from the bushes, eyes widening after seeing what she saw.

8. Chapter 8

October 30th 1984

Steve had kissed Nancy, staring into her beautiful eyes, truly putting his heart out on the line, pushing away any lingering or building worry that was slowly starting to take over. Panic rearing it's ugly head, as he felt as if his once certain firm grip on life had begun to loosen. Things weren't great at home, the pressure was on about applying to schools, and judging from Steve's grades, he knew the chances of that happening were pretty slim. He knew there was community college, but somehow his heart just wasn't in it. He suddenly was beginning to feel regret from all those wasted years worrying about partying, and being Mr. Popular, Mr. Cool. Never taking anything serious. He knew in just a few months graduation would happen, and everything he once held in high regard wouldn't matter anymore. Life was moving on, and suddenly being "King Steve" didn't seem all that important anymore. Nancy still had another year, and in the last few months ever since what happened last winter, he felt her slowly pulling away. Sure he was absolutely crazy about her, but he felt a distance starting to pull between the two of them, and no matter how hard Steve tried, he knew he was slowly losing her.

He saw the small flicker of panic in her eyes when he tried to mention working for his dad, being responsible, having benefits, insurance, maybe even saving up enough for them to get married...start a family? He always figured this was what Nancy wanted. Instead, she didn't look so sure. He felt as if things were slowly starting to fall apart, and he was losing her. When she said she loved him, he felt as if she was an actress performing in a stage play. That this response was just automatic. That's when they both heard the low rumble of a car engine approaching. Pausing, Steve raised an eyebrow and stared out the windshield. There he saw a blue Camaro pull into the parking-lot, music blasting. Steve and Nancy both climbed out of the car, and he saw Nancy staring. She was leaning against the open door looking in the car's direction as it pulled into a spot across the way.

Steve looked over the roof, feeling the chilly early October morning air. He watched as a little girl, roughly around Nancy's brother's age climb out of there passenger seat. She hopped onto a skateboard, and rolled past them headed towards the middle school building. She had bright red hair, and kept her head down as she continued pushing off one foot across the parking-lot. Looking back, that's when he saw him. The driver climbed out, boots stomping as he stood up. He was dressed head to toe in denim, and Steve couldn't quite explain it, but even from across the way he closely studied his features. He was tall, wearing a white T-shirt underneath his jean jacket. He had shoulder length dirty blond hair, and for just a brief moment, his eyes scanned over and stared at him. Steve felt his stomach twist, really not liking that feeling. He watched as the guy smirked, turned, and headed in the direction of the main building to the high school. Groups of girls stood back in awe and watched, as he slowly made his way down the hill. Steve found his eyes watching his ass slowly pump up and down with each step. Steve suddenly ripped his eyes away, cheeks burning, feeling as if he had been doing something terrible. He felt light headed, and strange, before Nancy's voice broke him out of his thoughts.

"Steve?"

Steve blinked, looking across to his girlfriend.

"Hum?"

"The bell, it just rang. You okay?"

She slammed her door, holding her books. Looking around the parking-lot, Steve saw students slowly starting to make their way towards the building. Huddles of groups taking the last drags of their cigarettes, as they all moved in the same direction. Taking a deep breath, Steve faked a smile and nodded, slipping his sunglasses out of his pocket and putting them on. Somehow beneath these stupid tinted black lenses, he felt as if he was hidden, protected from whatever he was just staring at. Nancy made a face laughing and shook her head as Steve began to hum the song from Risky Business. Circling around, he slipped his arm around her thin shoulders as they began walking towards the main entrance. All the meanwhile, in the back of his mind he couldn't quite understand why he was staring at

that guy's ass as he walked into school.

Present

Billy parked the Camaro in the back driveway, killing the engine as the block party weekend lineup was cut off. Tonight he had been in a pretty great mood. Sure work had dragged, but nevertheless it hadn't been horrible, and he had spent a good reminder of the day working on his tan. Tonight, he had been able to have sex with Steve for the second night in the row. He had sensed that Steve was still partly hesitant, and nervous. Still, Billy sensed he was allowing himself to completely trust him.

The gate was locked, which meant nobody was going to walk in on them. Billy had even put Steve's to mind even more when he locked the locker room door, telling Steve they wouldn't be interrupted at all. After some heavy petting in the hot tub, Billy had instructed Steve on what exactly to do. He first wrapped his hand around Steve's cock, giving him long slow strokes. As he did so, with his other hand he inserted one of his fingers inside Steve from beneath the hot bubbling water. Steve stiffened at first, but Billy whispered into his ear, pressing his body against him as he hung partly off the side of the hot tub. There he began to finger Steve as he did last night. The hot bubbling water helped, as he felt Steve's muscles relax, as he moaned. Billy inserted another finger, and once he felt Steve completely loosen up, he grinned.

When he entered him, Steve had cried out, and as hard as he tried Billy wanted to be gentle. Still, he was finding himself struggling to hold back. When he climaxed, he wrapped his arms tightly around Steve's waist, as he cried out himself, grunting, and bucking his hips against Steve's ass. When they dressed afterwards, Steve carefully pulled his shorts on, before rolling his eyes as he stared at them, laying over his arm. Billy saw that Steve was bleeding again very slightly, nothing like last night. Steve looked a little embarrassed, and mentioned he better run home before he ended up staining his uniform. Billy grinned, before walking over as Steve pulled up his shorts, and tried looking behind to see if he was bleeding through.

"Just toss them in the wash and set it to cold, always takes blood out."

Steve glanced in Billy's direction, and Billy saw the small flicking expression of knowing why Billy was such an expert on washing blood out of his clothes.

Because of Neil...because of that bastard named Neil.

Instead, Billy walked over and chuckled, before giving Steve an old pilling towel he kept to dry off whenever he used the showers, and told Steve to just sit on this for the ride home. Steve gave a small chuckle, before he rubbed his stomach.

"Jesus, is my stomach ever going to get used to this?"

Billy squeezed his shoulder, and pressed his forehead against his.

"It won't be pretty, but remember a little blood ain't gonna kill anyone. Just take a nice hot shower afterwards and get a good night rest. You gotta rest up for the weekend."

Instantly Steve grinned.

"Jesus..."

Billy laughed, nuzzling his face against his. He was happy the two were so comfortable with each other. It had been different when he had been with Alex. He hadn't been very prepared, and had to figure out everything, including the messy and painful stuff all by himself. With Steve, he felt it was his duty to look after him, prepare him for everything, and walk him through it. He knew this had been embarrassing for Steve, but he saw the trust in his eyes whenever he stared at him. Billy had walked him through prepping for last night, and told Steve what to expect in the following days. He felt better putting Steve's mind to ease, and didn't want to say anything yet...but he was planning on letting Steve fuck him at least once during their private weekend together. He had only been fucked once, and that was by Alex. It had hurt like Hell, and he swore to himself he would never bottom again.

Still, he had never felt this way about anyone before, and actually wanted to feel Steve inside of him. As they finished dressing, he kept watching him smiling. He planned on surprising him with the offer

tomorrow night and see how Steve would react. He hated saying goodbye to him tonight, but they kissed, keeping a careful eye out in the dark parking-lot before climbing into their cars, and driving away. The entire ride over, Billy listened to the radio and drummed his fingers against the wheel, sitting back, and replaying that last hour in the hot tub. His balls ached, and he wanted nothing more than to rip Steve's clothes off, and fuck him as hard as he could. He couldn't wait to get him alone for the weekend, and really show him a good time. Now home, he killed the engine, grabbed his gym bag and climbed out just as Max was rolling into the driveway on her skateboard.

"Hey shit bird."

Max glanced over, and shot him a weird look. Billy ignored this, as he began to climb the back steps. Max grabbed her brand-new board that Billy had replaced for her earlier this year after destroying the last one, and followed behind him. Billy opened the back door, and both entered. The smell of Susan's cooking filled the house, as Billy and Max walked in. Susan was smiling, standing in the kitchen, drying her hands on a dishcloth.

"Hey guys, we grilled out, there's hamburgers and hotdogs on the table if you want any."

Billy thanked Susan, but told her he was going to get changed first. As he began headed towards his bedroom a firm hand grabbed the back of his hair and gave it a hard yank. Susan by then had returned into the kitchen answering the phone which had begun to ring. Faintly Billy could hear her talking on it. Some girlfriend of hers from the neighborhood. As always Susan was rarely a witness whenever things got like this. Whenever she did, she would drop her eyes both ashamed and embarrassed, but never say a word. It was Max who mostly witnessed this. Billy stopped, as Neil appeared from the doorway to the living room. He was holding a beer, and the other hand firmly grasping Billy's curly damp hair. His fingers tightened on it, painfully yanking upward, hurting them against his scalp. Neil's hot beer smelling breath huffed against his skin as he stepped closer.

"Well, well, well...is that a nasty hickey I spy William?"

Billy knew what he was talking about. In the hot tub both had gotten pretty frisky resulting in this purplish broken cluster of broken blood vessels. He was guilty himself for giving Steve his fair share. Staring ahead, Billy knew it was best not to say a word. Neil chuckled again.

"I didn't think guys were supposed to get these. Looks like a real nasty one. She must suck pretty good huh? Like all whores do."

Billy saw Max entering the living room by the other door, her skateboard away. She glanced in their direction, and the same look of embarrassment seemed to fill her eyes, much like Susan. Billy gulped, hating whenever Neil did this shit in front of Susan and Max. Instead he just stared forward. Neil shook his head and leaned right up against him, tiny bits of spittle flying from his lips and hitting him.

"Tell whatever whore that is to focus on fucking your dick, not your neck like some faggot."

Neil then let go of Billy's hair before burping loudly and headed down the hall and towards the garage. Most nights that's where Neil would spend the remainder of the evening. He would drink a few beers from the old beaten up fridge from inside of there. He would play his radio, and putter around, really not doing anything. Sometimes Mr. Miller from across the street would come over and they would split a few more beers and sit on the old rusty lawn chairs Neil kept near his workbench. For Billy that was just as well. Neil would rarely come back in until after one in the morning at the earliest, and head straight to bed. This left Billy unhassled for the remainder of the night, which usually was great. Susan would go in the den to watch TV or knit, while Max either played in her room, or watched MTV with Billy in the side room while he worked out. Hearing Neil's own radio start from the garage, Billy sighed and rubbed his sore scalp.

The last thing he needed was Neil being some drunken asshole and putting his hands on him. He sighed, before glancing to the left and saw Max sitting on the couch with another teen magazine open on her lap. She glanced up, locking eyes with him for his a fraction of a second before ripping them away. Feeling a little embarrassed himself, he knew this wasn't anything new. He had been lucky that Neil hadn't pressed the issue about the hickey even more. The last

thing he needed was some fight, and Neil refusing to let Billy go "camping" for the weekend. He felt a surge of anger bubble up inside of him, fighting one of his hands into a fist. He wished more than anything he could just scream to Neil that he had gotten this hickey from his boyfriend. That they had fucked like animals, and were planning on doing it over and over again this weekend. He would do anything to stand up to Neil and see the reaction in his eyes knowing what his son really was, and actually found someone who loved him, and treated him as if he was actually worth something.

Instead, he didn't dare. He didn't want to chance it, and just wanted to keep his head down until tomorrow evening. That's all he wanted. Looking down, he headed to his room where he shut the door and changed. He changed into a white T-shirt and rolled his sleeves up. He changed into his green basketball shorts, and rubbed his sore head, before tossing the rest of his clothes into his hamper which he planned on taking care of tomorrow morning. He had so much planned for Steve, he honestly couldn't wait. Winking at his reflection in his full length mirror, he smirked, before shuffling back out. He ate two hamburgers in the kitchen, Max nowhere to be found. Susan was still on the phone gabbing away as he cleaned up, and did the rest of the dishes, before heading into the side room. Clicking on the tiny television he switched it to MTV, before putting on his fifty pound weights. He figured he would lift for a half an hour, shower, and crawl into bed. His stomach was giddy with excitement over what he had planned for Steve and him, and once he grabbed the barbell, he began to flex his pulsing muscles, feeling himself slowly build up a sweat, as he silently counted, listening to the music videos play as he continued to mentally count.

He heard Susan in the den click on the other TV, as he counted counting through his other set. That's when Max finally walked in, head hung down low, clearly upset. Billy raised an eyebrow, before pausing.

"You get dinner?"

Max shook her head.

"Wasn't hungry..."

Billy continued to lift, when he saw Max glance in his direction. She was acting super weird tonight, and Billy felt himself starting to get annoyed. Knowing if Susan and Neil weren't home he probably would have either snapped at her or simply ignored it. Instead he saw her staring down at the floor, looking as if she wanted to say something. He hoped it wasn't Max attempting to talking about what happened earlier with Neil. They all understood this was the dirty little secret of the family, much like what happened back on the West Coast. Neil beat the ever living shit out of Billy, and when he wasn't physical, he was mentally and verbally abusing him any second he had. There was no stopping it, and all Billy could hope for was that he had just a couple of months left before he left this shitty little town and never looked back. Still, he knew this wasn't it.

Max had been acting weird even earlier this morning. Shooting a look, he set his barbell down and looked at her.

"What's wrong?"

Max looked over.

"Huh?"

"You've been acting weird all day. What's wrong?"

Max suddenly blushed.

"Nothing..."

Billy shot her a look.

"Yeah? Doesn't seem to nothing. Somebody bother you?"

Billy grabbed his pack of smokes and shook one out before lighting it. He fixed his sleeves, waiting for Max to admit something had happened. Turning, he blew the smoke out before he saw Max standing and staring up at him. Her eyes looked frightened, and more than a little unsure. Cocking his head to the side, his eyes shifted over in the direction of the den before he lowered his voice and stared at her, looking a mixture of angry as well concerned.

"That little shit Lucas didn't do anything did he?"

Max raised an eyebrow.

"Wait...what? No!"

"None of his friends are giving you a hard time are they? I swear to God I'll fucking kill them..."

Max's eyes widened before she quickly shook her head.

"No, it's nothing..."

She went to walk out of the room when Billy's hand shot out like a bullet and firmly grasped her arm, fingers digging into her soft skin.

"You sure?"

Max nervously stared up at him, before nodding.

"Yeah...I'm fine..."

Pulling away from his grip, she shuffled down the hallway towards her bedroom. He heard her door close, and found himself alone now standing by his weights. Staring down the hallway he took another drag of his smoke wondering what could be bothering her so badly? He had really laid off this year with worrying about her, but he still felt a heavy sense of responsibility when it came to her. He stared, and knew it was only a matter of time before he got her to spill her guts if anyone was bothering him. He really didn't think it was Lucas and the other guys. Steve swore they were all harmless and actually pretty decent kids. Billy saw them as annoying little nerds.

Nothing more, nothing less.

Still...if anyone was giving Max shit, he was certain he would find out and deal with it. Shaking his head, he continued smoking his cigarette, thoughts lingering on his little sister... "Step-sister..." His mind whispered, even though he knew deep down inside he loved her just like a real sister, and he would absolutely kill anyone who even dared to hurt her.

Halloween Night 1984

The blue Camaro slowed to a stop in one of the nicer neighborhoods in Hawkins. Children dressed in costumes ran around carrying bags of candy as a cold autumn wind blew through the trees that lined the street. Parking, Billy sat behind the wheel, wearing jeans, and just his leather jacket. He had decided to take Tommy and Tina up on their offer to be invited to their Halloween party. He had been given a flyer, and played it off by shrugging and saying he might swing by. First, he had to drop Max off to go trick or treating with a few new kids she had met at school. Instantly he was annoyed that this became his responsibility.

Neil and Susan were at a party at Neil's work, so it was up to him to drive the little shit around. Parking, he glanced over at her feeling annoyed as she held onto her newly bought Michael Myers mask. He did find it funny that instead of dressing like a princess, or Madonna, or some makeup wearing rock star, Max was dressing up as Michael fucking Myers. Yet another reminder of why Max constantly was marching to a beat to her own drum. Billy and her currently couldn't stand each other, and for good reason, but nevertheless there had been a few good moments before the big move. He remembered last year before everything came crashing down, how they had rented Halloween 2. He remembered Max screaming and burying her face against Billy's side whenever the killer would appear on screen. Now a year later they sat side by side, an unspoken anger settled between the two of them as Billy shot her a look.

"I'll get you at ten right here. If you're late you're walking home and I don't wanna hear you bitch to Neil. Understood?"

Max shot him a look.

"Yeah fine..."

Billy rolled his eyes annoyed.

"Just watch out for cars shit bird...and remember ten on the dot."

Max climbed out of the car, and before she shut the door Billy called out to her. Max looked down annoyed, before Billy felt his glare twitch before he shrugged.

"Hey shit bird."

Max stopped and looked down. Billy sighed before shrugging.

"Be careful."

Max shot him a look back before nodding and slamming the door. Billy watched as she slid her mask on, gripped her bag and started down the street. Billy sat for a second watching her, feeling a strange feeling of hating her, and worrying about her. Shaking his head, he shifted it into drive, and turned around headed to Tommy and Tina's. Having no idea it was at this very party that he would truly lay eyes on "King Steve" and feel himself start falling head over heels for him.

Late February 1985

Steve grinned as he slid open his sliding glass door to his balcony. He had instructed Billy on when he sneak over. He had parked his car two streets back, and had walked the rest of the way. His parents were downstairs, entertaining guests yet again, all the way downstairs in the den. For the last two hours Steve had heard his father's jazz records, as well as laughter. Several of his father's business partners had come over along with their wives. His parents had thrown a dinner, and Steve had briefly seen all of them when he shuffled downstairs, pretending he had come down with a cold, and was planning on taking some cough syrup and turning in early for the night. His mother who had been walking out with a tray of deviled eggs, had frowned before feeling his forehead.

"You do feel clammy. Do you want me to make you some soup honey?" Steve wrinkled his nose as he grabbed a can of ginger ale from the fridge.

"I'm good mom, just gonna head upstairs, lock the door and get to bed early. I think I just need to sleep it off."

"Okay, but if you need anything please come downstairs okay?"

Steve nodded, knowing exactly how to act whenever he "faked" sick to his mother who nearly always believed him. He grabbed his can, before his mother smiled at him and wished him a good night. Steve

was lucky to get away from downstairs. The guests had all ready come over and were mostly in the dinning room. Steve knew the routine, they would have dinner, before killing a few bottles of whiskey and wine before moving to the den. There they would listen to records, maybe play a few games of pool, before playing cards and getting drunker than a bunch of skunks. As of lately his dad had really been on his case since all ready it seemed as though Steve wouldn't be getting into any of the few colleges he had attempted to apply to. He had made plenty of remarks, mostly about how Steve was going to have to learn responsibility once he got into the real world. Steve feared his impressive allowance would be ending soon, and if he didn't get to find a school by the end of the spring after graduation he knew his father would want to teach him a lesson and make him get a job.

Still, thought all that stupid bullshit at home and school, Steve actually felt the happiest he had in forever. This reminded him of last year when things first started with Nancy. Somehow he now felt both giddy and nervous. He knew there was one reason and one reason alone for this. He was falling in love. Sure he was still confused, and more than a little scared...but here he was, falling head over heels for Billy Hargrove.

It had been a week since they took their little drive. A week since Billy scared the ever living shit out of Tommy who hadn't said a word to him at school. He had caught Carol staring, but figured after what happened in the parking-lot both didn't have the nerve to say nor do anything. That night they took a drive, both had made out on the side of the road for nearly a solid hour. The second Billy's hand reached down to his crotch of his jeans, gently squeezing, and twisting against the pulsing bulge that was building in there, Steve flinched and felt pure panic. Embarrassed, he dropped his eyes, hair a mess, face flushed.

"Sorry..."

He said, before Billy gently touched his chin, causing him to look over at him.

"Don't sweat it princess, we got all the time in the world..."

After class earlier today, Billy had walked with Steve towards the parking-lot, smoking a cigarette as people hurried out bundled and wrapped up in their winter coats. Steve had been watching Billy from afar this whole week, day dreaming about those firm lips that had tasted so good. He found himself day dreaming about him, and had woken up the night before from a pretty intense wet dream involving Billy in the locker rooms. The following morning at school, Steve felt his cheeks burn as he watched Billy from afar, wearing his brown leather jacket, strolling in the halls, aviator sunglasses tucked in his front pocket.

Steve had found himself staring, becoming lost in his own thoughts throughout the day. Once the final bell rang, he was surprised to find Billy walking beside him, smoking a cigarette. They had walked side by side, going up the hill towards the lot. Just then Steve almost slipped on a patch of black ice. His sneakers slid, before Billy's strong firm arm wrapped around Steve's waist and firmly held him from falling. Steve turned his face, and stared up at Billy who smirked.

"Whoa, easy there princess."

Steve blushed, before straightening himself up, careful to make sure nobody was watching. A flush of color filled his cheeks, before he straightened up and shot Billy a playful look.

"Thanks..."

"So, what is King Steve up to this fine weekend?"

Both continued to walk again. Steve eyed Billy and was almost certain if he slipped again, Billy would instantly be on him. He shrugged as he dug his car keys out.

"My old man is having some guys from work over. I'm planning on faking sick and locking myself in my bedroom all night."

Billy smirked.

"Want some company?"

Steve froze, before raising an eyebrow. Billy smiled back, enjoying his reaction.

"I mean, as long as we're not interrupted..."

Steve glanced around, nobody around, everyone heading towards their cars. Smiling, he stared at him.

"How about I call you around five?"

Billy smiled.

"Sounds like a plan princess."

Tapping a wink, he told him he would see him later, before walking away. Like clockwork, Billy had called, and both made the plan on where Billy should leave his car. Steve knew this was a huge risk with his parents right downstairs, but he couldn't count how many times he had snuck Nancy over here. Still, this seemed so much more dangerous, as well as exciting. So Steve had grabbed another ginger ale when his mother wasn't looking, knowing it was the best thing to mix with a handle of gin he had hidden in the bottom of his closet. He stood back smiling as he slid the glass door open, letting in a blast of cold air before Billy walked in, leather jacket still on and shoulders hunched.

Steve smiled as Billy turned, cupping his hands in front of his face and blowing into them.

"Jesus it's freezing out there."

Steve was tempted to ask if anyone had seen him, but he was certain that Billy actually knew what he was doing. Now he stood back, watching as Billy turned and shut the glass door behind him, before staring at him and smiling. Feeling his heart begin to hammer, it finally hit him. Billy Hargrove was standing in his bedroom. His mind drifted back to his locked door, and the faint sounds of music and laughter coming all the way downstairs. He stood there, cheeks burning as he shoved his hands in the pockets of his jeans. Both stared at each other, before Billy smirked and motioned to his dresser where the handle of gin and ginger ale cans were.

"Playing bartender princess?"

Steve glanced over before he chuckled and ran his hand through his

thick hair nervously.

"Yeah, figured you might be thirsty..."

Billy ran his tongue over his lips, before stepping forward.

"Oh I can think of different ways to quench my thirst..."

With that, he tilted his head to the side, and opened his lips against Steve's. Closing his eyes, Steve moaned softly through his mouth as Billy's hands firmly grasped the sides of Steve's face, pulling him closer as his lips smacked against his. Steve instantly felt fireworks again, goosebumps running up and down through him as he tasted the faint taste of cigarettes and chewing gum from Billy's tickling tongue that darted and plunged in his mouth. Pulling back, lips smacking, Steve sighed before closing his eyes and rocking back and forth on his heels. Billy chuckled, before tilting his head and brushing his hair back.

"How was that princess?"

Steve smiled, before taking a deep breath, looking both taken aback as well as overwhelmed. He blew out a deep breath, blowing back his bangs a bit. Billy chuckled, before he smiled and stared closely at his face. Steve felt his hand snake behind him, and begin to gently rub his scalp from beneath the heavy layers of his hair. Steve couldn't believe that this was the same Billy Hargrove that had nearly beaten him to death just a few months ago. Smiling, Steve reached forward and gently tugged Billy's jacket off his shoulders. Billy knew instantly what he was doing and smiled before shrugging it off. His jacket dropped to the carpet floor, where all he wore beneath was a navy blue button down shirt, that despite the freezing cold outside, hadn't bothered to button a single button. Instead he saw his tanned golden muscular chest and stomach. Steve stared down almost in a trance, before he reached forward, more than a little scared and curious.

His hands reached out before he opened his shirt partly and froze. There were bruised, all over his stomach, ugly purplish welts. Steve froze, staring down before Billy flinched and stepped back, quickly closing his shirt. Steve saw he was embarrassed, as Billy quickly buttoned his shirt and turned.

"Better not strip each other down with your fucking parents right below us. Besides King Steve...you might get a little loud and I don't want anyone thinking I'm fucking murdering you..."

Steve sighed as Billy remained turning away from him as he reached for the handle of gin on his dresser. Unscrewing it, he watched as he sniffed the booze, shrugged and grabbed his can of soda. Steve watched as he cracked open the can and took a big gulp before pouring gin into it. Not bothering to mix it, he turned and was mid-sip when he froze and raised an eyebrow at Steve. Right away, Steve saw he looked annoyed.

"What?"

Steve chewed on his lip before sighing.

"How did you get those?"

He motioned to Billy's stomach. It took him a second, before Billy shrugged.

"Nothing, just played ball with the guys and some asshole from Mr. Victor's class hip checked me."

Steve stared at him, before Billy shrugged and sipped his soda some more before placing it back down on the dresser. "What?" He asked again, sounding more annoyed. Steve smirked, knowing this wasn't the time nor the place to push the issue. Still, he figured those marks had come from something else...more than likely Mr. Hargrove who he had heard was a grade A asshole. He smirked, before walking beside Billy, and fixing up his own drink. Turning, leaning against it he took a sip before raising an eyebrow.

"Jesus, that's awful."

Breaking the tension, Billy chuckled before he made a face.

"Yeah, I was gonna ask where the fuck did you even get this shit?"

Steve shrugged.

"Can't remember, stole it from my parents supply."

Billy smirked glancing at him as both leaned against the dresser sipping their sodas.

"Yeah well, your parents have shit for taste."

Laughing, Steve glanced in his direction as Billy looked back smiling. Somehow the weird moment had passed, and Steve was grateful...all the meanwhile meanly storing away those terrible ugly bruises.

Later...

Billy and Steve both laid on his bed. Billy's shirt remained buttoned up, but his arms were wrapped tightly around Steve, laying on top of him, pressing him into the mattress, legs wrapped around his, as he grinded his hips against Steve's. Steve's hair was a mess, as he moaned beneath Billy's mouth, both having been making out with each other for the last half an hour. Whenever Billy's hands went below Steve's belt line he would freeze up. Steve figured the only reason Billy hadn't gotten annoyed was because Steve had remained respectful and hadn't touched anywhere near his stomach where his bruises were. Instead, Billy had simply laid on the goodneses old fashion charm, and had rolled on top of him, and had been roughly kissing him, hands running up and down his sides, pressing him into the mattress, and squeezing him as he established he was the one in control.

Steve had tried to control his moans, as he laid beneath him, feeling his weight pressing down on him as he smelled Billy's cologne, and raked his hands through the tangled mess of dirty blond hair. This make-out session hadn't been anything like it had been with any other girl. Instead he felt a pretty stiff erection pulsing beneath his jeans, as he laid back, back arching as Billy continued kissing him. He felt Billy's large hands reach underneath him, squeezing his ass as he panted.

That's when they heard a knock echo on the other side of the door. Instantly the kiss broke, as Billy's head snapped up as both froze. Steve waited, eyes widening.

"Yeah?"

He called out.

"Steve, are you okay honey? Wanted to see how you were feeling?"

Steve rolled his eyes in frustration as Billy smirked on top of him, both looking in the direction of the locked door. Flustered, Steve sighed before shaking his head.

"I'm fine mom, just trying to sleep. Goodnight!"

"Okay honey, if you need anything let me know!"

They heard the sound of his mother walking away and down the stairs. Laying back, Steve sighed, his hair pooling all around his pillow. Shaking his head, he rubbed his face.

"Jesus Christ."

Billy chuckled, propping himself up on his arms as he still laid on top of Steve.

"Awwww, mommy is worried about her little princess?"

Steve made a face looking up at Billy, before Billy shook his head still softly chuckling.

"No, it's actually really cute. That's nice she cares so much."

Steve sensed a sad flicker in his eyes for his a brief second, before he leaned down and loudly smacked Steve's lips. Lifting his head, Billy stared down.

"I better get going...you wanna meet up tomorrow?"

Steve smirked.

"Yeah sure...call me around noon?"

Billy smiled, before leaning down and kissing him again, his hands going down, before he playfully tickled Steve's sides making him laugh. Getting up, Billy swung his legs off the side, before pulling on his worn motorcycle boots he had kicked off before getting onto the

bed. Pulling them on, he glanced over his shoulder and stared at Steve who sat up, hair still a flopping mess. Smirking, Billy reached back and gently squeezed his leg.

"That was fun...you enjoy yourself?"

Steve smiled before nodding.

"Yeah...actually I did. Sorry I wasn't more fun."

Billy smiled, before leaning over and gently kissing Steve's lips.

"Don't sweat it Harrington, remember...we got all the time in the world."

Steve smiled, before Billy made a face and motioned down to himself.

"Now excuse me, I'm gonna have to take an extremely cold shower to cure these blue balls of mine."

Steve laughed, enjoying seeing Billy actually smile. With that, Billy got up, grabbing his leather jacket off the floor, as Steve got up and circled around. Billy walked to the sliding glass door, before turning and facing Steve.

"I'll call you around noon tomorrow, sound good princess?"

Steve nodded, before standing back.

"Listen...I hope I'm not being a pain in the ass...I just...gotta go slow. This is all new to me okay?"

Billy tilted his head to the side again before he nodded.

"Like I said princess, don't sweat it. We're gonna have fun, I promise you that."

"Listen I..."

Billy leaned over and gently pressed his finger against Steve's lips.

"Don't worry Steve, trust me."

Steve found this weird that he called him by his first name, but somehow just by looking at him he knew he meant it. Trying not to get too emotional, he smirked. He then knew just by looking into Billy's loudly blue eyes it was now or never. He knew more than likely Billy would get annoyed and snap at him. He knew his secret, and these last few times of them together alone had been truly something wonderful. He was scared out of his mind, yet whenever he stared into Billy's eyes he somehow felt safe.

"Billy listen...tonight felt...well fucking amazing."

Billy chuckled as Steve took a deep breath and continued on.

"Like I said, I'm in some uncharted water right now, and more than a little overwhelmed...but whatever this is...it feels amazing. We're both risking a lot over...whatever this is. I trust you...I really do...I hope you can trust me."

Billy raised an eyebrow before Steve sighed and crossed his arms.

"I know you didn't get those marks from basketball...and I know you don't wanna talk about it. I know it's none of my business, but...I think I'm really starting to have feelings for you Billy. Feelings I never thought I could have. Maybe someday...you'll trust me enough to talk about it. If you don't want to...hey I get it. Just know...if...things get bad for you at home...you can come over here...anytime okay."

Billy blinked for a second, looking as if Steve had just spoken some unheard language to him. That's when Steve knew...Billy wasn't used to anyone being decent to him, even like this. He looked uncomfortable, and simply dropped his eyes, before he clicked his tongue Steve waited for him to lash out, but after a solid minute of silence, he finally lifted his eyes and looked right at Steve.

"Thanks..."

Steve nodded, before he chewed on his bottom lip again. Billy turned to leave, when Steve called out...

"Billy?"

"What?!"

Billy snapped, now looking annoyed. Instead, Steve ignored it and walked forward. With one simple motion, he leaned over and gently kissed Billy's lips. He saw how surprised he was. Stepping back, he smiled slowly, before nodding.

"Talk to you tomorrow."

Billy looked partly stunned, before it took him a second. He locked eyes with Stephen, before he sadly smiled and let out a deep breath.

"Night princess."

He leaned over and actually kissed Steve's cheek. It wasn't rough, or sexual...just sweet. Steve stood back, as Billy dropped his eyes again and slid open the door. Cold air hit him for a second, before Billy closed the door behind him. Not bothering to turn around and look, he carefully climbed down and out of sight. Watching for another second, Steve deeply sighed before gathering the empty pop cans and tossing them in his tiny trash bin near his dresser. Putting the handle of gin away at the bottom of his closet, he sighed before changing into a T-shirt and sweats. He took a second before laying back in his bed. Putting his arms behind his head, he stared up at the ceiling feeling his heart pound as he faintly smelled cologne left behind by Billy.

Laying there, thinking of the bruises, he suddenly felt tears fill his eyes. Blinking them away, he turned over and stared ahead at the wall. If there was anyway he could break through this wall that Billy had put up...he knew he needed to at least try. Sighing, he closed his eyes, allowing sleep to take over.